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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1910.

The Week.

Fifty years ago there was held at the old Front Street Theatre in Baltimore a session of a party convention that made world history. The Democratic National Convention at Charleston, which had failed to nominate a candidate for President, and which was already plainly facing the prospect of a rupture in the party that would mean a rupture of the Union itself, had adjourned to meet again at Baltimore on June 18. But—as had been expected by all who looked the gravity of the crisis in the face—conciliation proved impossible, and on the fifth day of the convention the Southern members walked out and held a meeting in another hall. The regulars nominated Douglas, the seceders Breckenridge, and the die was cast which resulted in making the "irrepressible conflict" a bloody reality. The great party insurgencies of those thrilling times make present-day struggles over postal savings banks, or the details of railway-rate regulation, seem tame and innocuous. But each age has its own problems and conflicts, and there may be enough perilous matter underlying our economic tussles to develop all the stature of heroic conflict in the fulness of time. Meanwhile, we can afford to smile at some of our own excitements when we contrast them with the events of fifty years ago.

It will not do to take the endorsement of Gov. Harmon for the Presidency, by the Ohio Democrats, as merely a good-natured and unmeaning bringing forward of a "favorite son." There can be no doubt that the Ohio Governor stands as the most promising Presidential candidate of his party now in sight. His firm and clear attitude on the tariff, his vigor and honesty and skill as an administrator, his success in running down rascals and making political corruption in Ohio unsafe as well as odious, mark him as a man to be reckoned with. In presenting him before the country the Ohio Democrats called special attention to his own phrase, "guilt is personal." These were the words he used when, as special counsel appointed by President Roosevelt, he urged a legal process against Secretary Morton of Roosevelt's own Cabinet. It will be remembered that the delicate Roosevelt would not permit such rough methods to be used against a friend. As he is said to have expressed it, he "would not throw Paul Morton to the wolves." But it is certain that Gov. Harmon's rugged honesty and directness on that occasion would be recalled to his credit if he were to be the nominee of the Democrats two years from now. The immediate question is that of his reëlection as Governor; but national questions certainly will be injected.

That it took a blind senator to discover corruption in a pending bill, is not wholly to the credit of the senators with normal vision. Yet the charges made by Senator Gore were too specific to be ignored. The evidence that interested parties were trying to get scandalous and fraudulent contracts of theirs with the Indians of Oklahoma validated by Congress, and that they used, or offered to use, bribery in order to compass their ends, was too strong for Congress to disregard. It was a good thing to order a thorough investigation of Senator Gore's detailed allegations. Stealing money from Indians is a shade worse than robbing children. Children have parents to look after them, but the Indians have no one—unless they can find real guardians in the government whose wards they are. It is for Congress not merely to clear its own skirts by dealing rigorously with the members implicated, but also to show that the defenceless Indians need not appeal in vain for their rights.

A voluminous report has been made by the Senate committee on the increased cost of living, of which Senator Lodge is chairman. The full document is not yet available, but a somewhat comprehensive summary has been given in the press dispatches. There is to be a minority report later on, made by the Democratic members of the committee, who are not content with the conclusions drawn by the majority members from the figures. To pass judgment on the report upon the basis of the summaries given in the press dispatches, would be rash. One statement, for example, that appears in the epitome given in many papers is on its face absurd. Speaking of wholesale prices of food-products, it says:

> A comparison of meat prices in the United Kingdom and the United States shows that bacon in 1900 was 73.4 per cent. higher in the United Kingdom than in the United States, and that in 1909 it was 31.5 per cent. higher in the United Kingdom than in the United States. About the same ratio existed in comparing beef, mutton, wheat, and corn.

The members of the committee may not be great economists, but they can scarcely have made just this statement. Certainly, the price of wheat and corn, and the wholesale price of beef and other refrigerator meats, cannot have been, either in 1900 or in 1909, higher by more than the merest trifle in the United Kingdom than in the United States; though it is possible for the English price to be somewhat *lower* than the American price, owing to our tariff.

In the main, however, the report is doubtless sufficiently represented by newspaper accounts. As might have been expected, the influence of the tariff in the matter is wholly denied; but it is surprising that so extremely subordinate a place should be given to the increased production of gold as a cause of the high prices. This latter circumstance must be accepted as in some degree an evidence of good faith; some persons of muck-raking proclivities, it may be remembered, have been seeing in the propagation of the doctrine that gold production is the main cause of the high prices a deep conspiracy on the part of the Trusts and the tariff-protected interests. Had we entertained these dark suspicions, we should now be ready to make a humble apology, and accept the Lodge report as a complete exculpation. But since that is not the case, we are constrained only to remark that, however complete may be the *bona fides* of the committee in this matter, we have no reason to believe that their judgment on the subject of the influence of gold-production upon prices is entitled to a particle of weight. If the full report should contain matter calculated to alter this estimate of their authority in such a matter, we shall be glad to acknowledge the fact.

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Now it is the ultimate government ownership of ships that Mr. Bryan advocates. In an article contributed by him to the July *American Exporter*, he argues against subsidies, but takes the view that, inasmuch as it is essential to do something to restore the American commercial marine, the government should go into the business. "Government ships," he writes, "would help our trade." "Our Government can own a few transports and use them in time of peace to develop trade. They could be leased to carriers on conditions which would enable the Government to train seamen. . . . and the policy could be stopped any time if found unprofitable." Nothing could better illustrate the happy-go-lucky nature of Mr. Bryan's mind and statesmanship. Here is a subject upon which it is evident that he has thought little, yet he throws out a large and revolutionary suggestion with the cheerful air of a man for whom such things as details do not exist, though in such a matter the details are everything. But none of these things troubles Mr. Bryan. In his finest happy-thought manner, he advises us to embark light-heartedly upon the great venture, and then if we find that it does not prosper, to abandon it with equal light-heartedness. And yet people complain that there is a dearth of Democratic leaders!

There are encouraging signs that the agitation against technical absurdities and unnecessary delay in our courts of justice is having its effect. In Chicago, recently, the court made short work of a contention in the Lorimer case, which virtually amounted almost to a plea that under the laws of Illinois bribery is not a crime. This did much to discourage the worst type of modern defence—that built entirely on technicalities and not at all on a real denial of the crime. In Oregon, a circuit judge has taken the Kiernan case, which was clouded with fictitious issues by a score of pettifogging lawyers, and disposed of it in an hour and a half. Now comes a case in Kansas which exhibits true Western audacity. A Kansas statute defining embezzlement had been printed with the word "State" spelled "estate." A lower court held that, as the word "State" was not in the statute, embezzlement by a State officer was not a crime. But the Supreme Court of Kansas held that the illiteracy of the typesetter should not prevail over the morality and common sense of the whole people, and that the manifest intent of the statute should be adhered to. The law is common sense. This is a sound ideal of justice, but one with too little of the refinements of quibbling to suit many of our courts.

The bribery trial at Chicago in connection with the Lorimer case has also brought out into striking relief that other curse of our judicial system—the abuse of the right of appeal. It has been made manifest that counsel for State Representative Lee O'Neill Browne, charged with giving $1,000 for a Lorimer vote in the Legislature, have not done all they could to secure a favorable verdict for their client. The reason appears in the position taken by Browne's principal lawyer, who "has insisted from the beginning that he is not concerned materially over the outcome in the criminal court, as he has made out a legal case for his client to stand on in a higher court." Here is as frank and as outrageous an affirmation as we can recall of a lawyer's intention to take advantage of the technicalities which may win him his case in a higher court without regard to the essential merits of the question. According to this view, which regards conviction or acquittal in a lower court with indifference, the jury system is reduced to absurdity. For if the higher court may be confidently counted upon to undo what the lower court has decided, it is obvious that the calling in of twelve good men and true to pass on the guilt or innocence of the accused is only a survival that has long lost its meaning. And not only the jury, but the lower court itself, stands forth as an expensive rudimentary organ in our system of judicial procedure.

The news of the unqualified acquittal of Chief Kohler, and his reinstatement as Chief of Police of Cleveland, will be received with sincere pleasure throughout the country. There was abundant reason to suspect from the beginning that the charges against him were the result of malicious fabrication, but it was a good thing to have them brought out into the open and disposed of by full legal inquiry. It appears, further—what was also fairly evident from the beginning—that the attack on Kohler was part of the reaction against the standards and methods of Tom Johnson's Mayoralty which set in with the election of the present Republican Mayor; and the vindication of Kohler is therefore matter for congratulation in its bearing on sound municipal government in Cleveland. But the wider interest in Mr. Kohler turns on his extraordinary initiative and efficiency in carrying out his special views of police administration. His work in this direction, whether open to criticism in some of its aspects or not, is worthy of study by municipal authorities everywhere.

The English playwright, Henry Arthur Jones, has lately been making remarks that deserve attention. He asserted, what is indeed matter of common knowledge, that there has been a marked "decline in the art of speaking blank verse on the English stage." Yet this is the very foundation of any tolerable school of Shakespearean acting. Mr. Jones recalled his own experience of Shakespearean productions during the last thirty years, and declared that the rule was to hear the great passages "merely mangled and mumbled." Too often a similar verdict would have to be passed upon the rendering of significant prose on the modern stage. The failure to grasp accent and pause in verse passes over into prose dialogue, and results in that entire displacement of emphasis and absence of articulate and expressive delivery which so frequently torture the ear of a sensitive theatregoer. Whether it be the "star" system or the disappearance of the repertory theatre or the extinction of stock companies that is chiefly at fault, the melancholy fact remains that an art which is based upon good speaking seems more and more to neglect it in ways that deserve worse reproaches than those addressed by Hamlet to the players.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* is excited over what it calls the "ridiculous honorary degrees," not because it thinks them out of place but because it finds them badly named. "Has not the time come for a little modernity and vitality in the system of honorary degrees itself?"

Miss Addams, the *Record-Herald* argues, is an author and public educator, but such a degree as, say, master or doctor of practical sociology and applied social science would mean much more in her case than that of master of arts. Here is Oberlin giving degrees of doctor of laws to the Wrights, pioneers among air conquerors. The Wrights

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deserve all the honors that Oberlin can confer, but nothing can make them doctors of laws. They were repairers of bicycles a few years ago. Why should not a degree be established to apply to such inventors, mechanical geniuses, daring and resourceful experimenters, as they have shown themselves to be?

This is pretty heavy girding at nothing in particular. Once the degree is admittedly "honorary," what difference does it make what its two or three letters spell if behind them is simply the desire to confer generous recognition? In England, distinguished chemists, statesmen, brewers, soldiers, ship-builders, and poets, all end up as lords. In France they all become chevaliers or commanders of the Legion of Honor. Here we do the best we can with an M.A. or an LL.D. Master of Practical Sociology would be an attempt to define that indefinite thing we mean when we give Jane Addams a degree. It is all *causâ honoris*.

Among the more important laws enacted were those giving greater advantage to foreign mining interests; facilitating the colonization of public lands; validating foreign educational degrees conferred upon native students; improving the consular and diplomatic services; encouraging the construction of artesian wells throughout the country, and providing for the coinage of 18,000,000 bolivars in gold and silver.

What country can it be, the work of whose Legislature is thus recapitulated upon its adjournment? But for the word "bolivar" we should not look for it in South America at all; and even so, it must be outside that terrible Caribbean area in which revolutions and counter-revolutions are the only public events of interest, unless it be the robbery of the people by the government for the time being, and the imprisonment and execution of those not content with the process. But the date-line of the dispatch from which we have quoted is Caracas, Venezuela, June 27; and the body that has been occupying itself with these peaceful and apparently virtuous measures is the Venezuelan Congress. Castro's country was unquestionably for years a horrible example of the depths to which South American misrule and violence were capable of descending; and yet it now seems that it was a wise thing to let Venezuela live and work out a better state of things, rather than gobble her up and make her an everlasting problem.

In a letter to the London *Economist* Lord Eversley—better known as George John Shaw-Lefevre, long one of the leading public men of England—subjects the increase of naval expenditure to a searching criticism. The cost of the navy for the current fiscal year, 1910-11, will exceed that for the preceding year by about $28,000,000, and that for the year 1908-9 by about $38,000,000, the total naval appropriation in the present budget being nearly $200,000,000. This is four times the amount annually expended during the decade 1870-80, and double the amount of the expenditure during the years 1880-1890. But Lord Eversley falls foul not only of this enormous increase taken as a whole, but of certain of the particular applications of the money. He points out that the big spurt made by Germany in naval construction has been largely provided for out of borrowed money, with the object of making up for past deficiencies, and that after 1912 the annual increase of the German navy will shrink to modest proportions, while the British programme is based on the idea that Germany is to keep up the present pace. Again, if enormous increase in the construction of new ships is justified on the ground that existing ships are becoming obsolete, Lord Eversley asks why the old vessels are not put out of commission, thus reducing the expense of upkeep and personnel. Indeed, it is in the vast cost of the personnel of the navy that he finds perhaps the greatest grievance; the number of men in the navy is now 132,000, a great force maintained at the cost of the nation and withdrawn from industrial work. The programme for future years is kept a secret; a new policy by which, says Lord Eversley, "the only persons hoodwinked are the taxpayers of this country, for foreign governments have no difficulty in getting underhand information;" but it is certain that 1911-12 will make a large advance over the swollen figures of 1910-11, the prospective increase in the appropriations on account of the building of Dreadnoughts already undertaken being, in itself, at least $13,000,000.

Announcement of a new treaty between Korea and Japan tends primarily to raise the wonder that Korea should still have anything to give away by treaty, or Japan should still have anything to take. The latest convention confides to Japan the entire Korean police administration. A unified police system is to be created under the authority of a commander of gendarmes. This move would indicate that despite the lack of disturbing news from Korea recently, the grim work of "pacification" has by no means been brought to an end. It is one of the marvels of folk-psychology that a people so notoriously lacking in courage as the Koreans when it comes to open fighting at fair odds, should be so steadfast in carrying on a guerrilla warfare against their Japanese masters when the odds are so hopelessly against them. Japan's methods of maintaining peace and order in Korea are described in the handsomely printed and bound "Second Annual Report on Reforms and Progress in Korea," issued by the Japanese Resident-General's office at Seul. The basis of Japanese authority in the peninsula is the garrison army of a division and a half. A garrison gendarmerie force of some 2,200 Japanese and 4,000 Koreans, under the command of a major-general and charged with functions of "high and ordinary police," covers the country like a network.

The regular police force in Korea consisted in 1908 of 1,837 Japanese and 3,171 natives. Our report states that, in view of the "complicated" conditions existing in the country, a policeman in Korea is a good deal more than what the name ordinarily signifies. He sometimes acts as public bailiff "in the matter of distraining properties," and a police inspector or sergeant may serve as prosecuting officer in a district court where no such functionary exists. If in spite of garrison army, garrison gendarmerie, and police, aided by such modern devices as "political telephone-lines" designed for use against the Korean insurgents, the latter persist in holding the field, the conclusion is unescapable that their ranks are made up of others than brigands, pirates, and "forest robbers," as the report asserts. With characteristic Japanese precision, prominence is given to a detailed table of casualties in the campaign against the Korean insurgents. It shows that from July, 1907, to the end of 1908, the Japanese lost 179 soldiers, gendarmes, and policemen killed, and 277 wounded. Of the insurgents, 14,566 were killed, and 8,728 surrendered. The figures are eloquent testimony to Korean courage and resolution.

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PERFORMANCE AND CREDIT.

Mr. Wade Ellis, chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Ohio, is promptly out in an interview with the assertion that Congress has kept all the Administration's pledges, and that nothing remains but to count up the big majorities by which President Taft will be sustained in Ohio and everywhere else. This is a trifle premature. There can be no doubt, however, that the unexpectedly good record of the session has led to the revising of a great many political figures. Mr. Taft unquestionably came off with a much better showing of laws enacted than for a long time seemed possible. For this result his personal activity is conceded to have been largely responsible, and it cannot be denied that his prestige, both personal and political, is correspondingly heightened. They are not very delicate scales of justice in which the people roughly weigh such things; and as politics go, Mr. Taft will get most of the credit for what Congress did, just as he would have received most of the blame if it had failed to do anything. But those who strive to make a nicer estimate of performance and credit therefor must see that there is something to be done besides lumping the whole thing.

In the matter of the railway bill, for example, it has to be noted that the measure which finally passed bore very little resemblance to the bill which the Attorney-General kindly drafted for Congress. In the course of debate many of its clauses were entirely rejected, others radically made over, while several new provisions were inserted. Thus, if there were to be a strict apportionment of credit, a great deal would have to be set down to the account of the insurgent Senators, who, with the Democrats, really shaped the law in many of its main features. Nor should the exertions of the House insurgents be overlooked. They broke down the autocratic power of the Speaker's machine, and undoubtedly contributed in that way to the passage of the railway bill in a form much more satisfactory than we should otherwise have got. Moreover, they demonstrated that it is not necessary to have a little clique in absolute control of the House in order to "get things done." In praising, as he does to-day, the past session as one of the most fruitful in legislation that he has ever known, Speaker Cannon is tacitly giving the lie to his former protest that the destruction of his individual power would make it impossible for the Administration to get any laws passed at all.

In referring to these aspects of the case, we have not the slightest thought of taking from the President what is his due. The general opinion in these matters is likely to be pretty nearly right, and there can be no question that the general opinion about President Taft has changed very much during the past few weeks. Perhaps his fortunes were not actually at so low an ebb two months ago as most people thought, and possibly all is not so clear sailing for him now as his friends assert; but there is no dispute that he stands much better with the country, and that this is to be accounted for largely by his success in inducing Congress to enact so many of the bills he favored. In the language of his favorite sport, the President has made a fine "recovery," after slicing badly into the long grass, but it still remains to be seen how skilfully he will be able to approach the November green and hole out.

It is needless to go again over the list of bills which are displayed as so many Presidential trophies. To them was added in the dying hours of Congress a law to compel the publishing of election expenses. This, too, was a measure to which the President stood committed, and it was presumably owing to his urging that it was finally passed. It is a novelty in Federal legislation, but is in line with the most progressive State laws, and ought to prove a useful check upon inordinate or corrupt expenditure in national elections. To have been able to add this important act to the railway bill, a conservation bill, the postal-savings law, the Statehood bill, with several minor measures, certainly entitles the President to the felicitations which he is receiving.

At one point he confesses that his programme has failed. He has not been able to compass the economies in government which he strove for. The estimates vary as usual, but it seems certain that the total appropriations of the Congress will exceed those of the past fiscal year by from $10,000,000 to $40,000,000. If the President had vetoed the river and harbor bill, carrying more than $50,000,000, he would have turned the balance on the right side. And a veto would have been highly popular. It would have served also to deepen the impression of his political force and courage. He himself frankly says that at one time he thought it would be his duty to veto the bill, but careful consideration inclined his judgment the other way. He concluded that the meritorious and indispensable projects so far outweighed the doubtful or indefensible appropriations that the good ought not to be sacificed in defeating the evil. We have no doubt that Mr. Taft took pains to reach a judicial decision in this matter; and to stand by it may have required more courage than would have been demanded by a veto sure to be applauded. His determination to sign the bill, however, accentuates the bad practice of holding back such log-rolling measures till the final days of Congress, when there is no chance to reconsider them after a veto. If the President could have vetoed separate items, it is clear that many of those in the river and harbor bill would have fallen before his pen; and in reluctantly deciding to approve, Mr. Taft knew that he was fixing the charge of extravagance upon a Congress legislating in a time of Treasury deficits.

All this balancing of performance and credit is usually the preliminary to confident prophecies. In fact, sweeping predictions are made in the press: the President will be triumphantly vindicated at the polls; his eleventh-hour recovery will not avail to save him, and the Democrats will win a great victory in the autumn elections. The reader may make his choice according to taste and fancy. However, after a time of such political confusion as we have been going through, the wise man will be chary of prophecies. He will first demand a guarantee that present conditions will continue; and before deciding that the record of Congress will be sufficient to carry the Administration through, he will want to be assured that the voters are going to make that record the chief issue. They may possibly vote in resentment of high prices, which Congress did nothing to lower. All told, there never was a better time for prophets to hold their peace and to wait for that infallible wisdom which comes after the event.

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PLAIN HONESTY INSPIRING.

Two public men have recently been subject to the same criticism. They do not closely resemble each other, whether in their personal traits or their political convictions, but the objection has been made to both alike that they are uninspiring. Of Gov. Harmon of Ohio it is admitted that he is upright and able, a hard worker, an enemy of rascality, a vigorous hunter down of corruptionists, but, it is added, there is nothing stirring or thrilling about him. A Westerner when asked what he thought of Harmon as a possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency, replied: "Oh, he's a good man, but archaic. He is not capable of uttering a note of spiritual summons." Our readers must know how often similar remarks have been made concerning President Taft. "Oh, yes, a solid and steady man, no doubt, but too easy-going and humdrum, no dash about him, no clarion appeal."

Now, we do not wish to write a word against enthusiasm in public life or brilliant leadership and magnetic personalities. These things are of the highest value, and at times they are absolutely indispensable. When mighty abuses are to be attacked and uprooted we are thankful enough if some man of native energy and audacity and infectious zeal comes along to get up an excitement and rouse the masses of the people and build up a great personal following and call forth the driving forces without which radical reforms cannot be carried to completion. But such political geniuses are rare. Their rarity is one proof of their genius. And the fact that we sometimes fall upon a period when there is a dearth of such men, or of the crises which call them into activity, is no excuse for shutting our eyes and hearts to the sturdy if less showy qualities of other men. It might be argued, in fact, that one of the evils which follow in the wake of a captivating and spectacular leader is that he spoils a certain number of men. They must always, after their experience with him, be set vibrating with emotion and be thrilled by spectacles of political daring, or they lose all interest and refuse to budge. If one good custom may corrupt the world, one public man all fire and dynamics may leave behind him a set of citizens with jaded but yearning sensibilities, who will not be satisfied until they again have a leader ready to drink up Esel and eat crocodiles.

It is, in a word, dangerous for the public palate to be fed so long on highly-spiced food that it rebels at good bread. Moreover, the very susceptibility to political emotion has, by the process, been narrowed in range. For our part we should think it a very bad sign if men like Harmon and Taft lost their peculiar appeal to Americans. Is there nothing to move us in the sight of a Governor pushing aside the selfish promptings of the bosses of his own party, little and big, and going straight on to do what he thinks right? Have we lost our power to respond to displays of downright honesty and independence? If we have, we had better look to the state of our own souls before complaining that men in public life have become very flat, stale, and unprofitable to us. We pity that man who did not feel his pulses quicken as he read the calm but determined reply of President Taft to the labor leaders. There was no firing of the Ephesian dome about it, but there was a quiet courage in it, and a manly note, that are really as thrilling as the sound of a trumpet.

We would also ask those who impatiently demand grand spiritual uplift and passionate appeals from their leaders, to note the fact that the great mass of government work is not theatrical, but plodding. It will not do for high officials to be always in a condition of lofty exaltation, seeing visions and warning the people and leading on the valiant host. There is an immense amount of humdrum labor which they must attend to; and what they need is not shouting and triumphant song, but the sober qualities of industry, thoroughness, sagacity, honesty as long as the day, and sincerity as transparent as light. We cannot be always storming breaches and slaying dragons; there are a thousand and one bills to be drafted and scrutinized, appointments to be made, scoundrels to be unearthed, public charities to be sweetened and made more efficient, leaks in the Treasury to be stopped, assaults on the public honor to be repelled—in short, a vast and complex work of administration to be done. And we maintain that the honest, the courageous, the indomitable man sticking to these thankless but necessary tasks is really as much of a hero there in the routine dust of his official duties, and is truly as inspiring a figure, as the other who charges the battlements and sets the crowd to huzzaing. We repeat that we are not averse to political excitements when there is fit occasion for them. The alarm-bell must be rung, as Burke said, and a clamor raised, when the house is on fire. But we should be ashamed to ask for glories every day, on pain of becoming indifferent, or to refuse our meed of admiration to the exhibition of the homely virtues which, after all, make up nine-tenths of what is important in our public life.

SERIOUS HUMORISTS.

Mark Twain's memory may suffer from a certain paradoxical habit we have fallen into when passing judgment on the illustrious dead. The habit consists in picking out for particular commendation in the man what one least expects. If the world thinks of him as a great humorist, the point to make is that at bottom he was really a philosopher. If his shafts struck at everybody and everything, the thing to say is that he liked best what he hit hardest. If one of his books sold five thousand copies, the attempt is made to base his future fame on the comparatively unknown book. The motive behind such reasoning is commendable enough. It is the desire not to judge superficially, the desire to get at the "real" man behind the mask which all of us, according to tradition, wear in life. It is a praiseworthy purpose, but, in the hands of the unskilled or the careless, a perilous one. And worse than either is the intellectual snob whose business it is constitutionally to disagree with the obvious. We make no attempt to classify the writer who has declared that Mark Twain, when he wrote "Innocents Abroad," was terribly in earnest; that he set out to satirize and was funny only because he could not help it. This represents the extreme of a tendency that is made manifest on every side, to turn Mark Twain into everything but what he was—a great compeller of laughter.

One gets dreadfully weary of such topsy-turvy criticism. There are times when one would like to believe that Napoleon will be remembered because he won Austerlitz and Marengo, and not because he divided up France into a vast number of small peasant holdings; that Lincoln was a great man because

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he signed the Proclamation of Emancipation and wrote the Gettysburg address, and not because he kept his temper under criticism and in adversity. It is well to try to pierce behind the veil of Maya, but no amount of analysis can do away with the popularly accepted beliefs that mothers are primarily maternal, that actresses' talents lie in the direction of the stage, that joyful people laugh, and that people who make wry faces are either pessimists or dyspeptics. What use is there in trying to make a serious book out of the "Innocents Abroad," when we know well that the Mark Twain who wrote it was primarily a fun-maker? For ourselves, we confess that we have been unable to find any grave purpose in the "Jumping Frog of Calaveras." We recall the Hawaiian stranger whom Mark Twain kissed for his mother's sake before robbing him of his small change. We recall the horse he rode in Honolulu; it had many fine points, and our traveller hung his hat upon one of them. We recall that other horse behind which he went driving one Sunday with the lady of his choice; it was a milk-dealer's horse on week-days, and it persisted in travelling diagonally across the street and stopping before every gate. These adventures are easy to recall, but the hidden serious purpose within them remains hidden from us.

The serious element in Mark Twain the man and the writer, it would, of course, be futile to deny. His hatred of sham, his hatred of cruelty, his hatred of oppression, appear in the "Innocents Abroad," as they do in his "Connecticut Yankee" and in his bitter assaults on the Christian Scientists and the American missionaries in China of the Boxer days. But to say that Mark Twain was a great humorist because he was an intensely serious man is not true, whatever truth there may be in the formula that humorists are humorists because they are men of sorrow. We would reverse the formula. We would say that humorists are often sad because they are humorists, and that from much laughing the rebound must necessarily be towards much grief. If it is commonly asserted that the humorist laughs because of the incongruities of life, it is, nevertheless, just as safe to maintain that the man born to laughter will be driven by his instincts to search out incongruities. There was no fundamental pessimism in Mark Twain. As Mr. Howells brings out in his chapter of reminiscences in the last *Harper's*, Mr. Clemens had the soul of untamed boyishness. He was boyish in his exuberance of manner, in his taste for extraordinary clothes, and in his glee at earning a great deal of money:

> The postals [announcing his share of the daily profits from the "Gilded Age"] used to come about dinner-time, and Clemens would read them aloud to us in wild triumph. $150—$200—$300 were the gay figures which they bore, and which he flaunted in the air before he sat down at table, or rose from it to brandish, and then, flinging his napkin into his chair, walked up and down to exult in.

One thing there was in Mark Twain that was not apparently boyish or simple. Mr. Howells asserts positively that in his later years Twain believed neither in the Christian theology, in God, nor in immortality:

> All his expressions to me were of a courageous renunciation of any hope of living again, or elsewhere seeing those he had lost. He suffered terribly in their loss, and he was not fool enough to try ignoring his grief. He knew that for that there were but two medicines; that it would wear itself out with the years, and that meanwhile there was nothing for it but those respites in which the mourner forgets himself in slumber. I remember that in a black hour of my own when I was called down to see him, as he thought from sleep, he said, with an infinite, an exquisite compassion, "Oh, did I wake you, did I *wake* you?" Nothing more, but the look, the voice, were everything; and while I live they cannot pass from my sense.

Here at last we have the disillusion that is said to dwell in the innermost soul of the great humorist. But here, too, we seem to feel that the gray vision of the future was with him not a cause, but a result. When the buoyant soul sinks back upon itself it is apt to feel the riddle of life very keenly indeed.

THE CASE OF GEORGE MEEK.

George Meek had been eighteen years a bath-chair man at Eastbourne, England, had suffered from the uncertainties of his calling, contributed to the Socialist press, and nourished more ambitious plans of books on ethics and scientific progress, when, falling in with H. G. Wells, he was induced to write instead his autobiography. The book, "George Meek, Bath Chairman, by Himself" (Dutton) has no great literary merit; but it does tell a varied and pitiful story simply and with unsparing self-revelation. Mr. Wells insists that it is a genuine document, and an important one, and we are willing to take him at his word. For, after all, whether this particular Mr. Meek (and we confess that the very name bears the suspicion of a hoax) was ever born in the flesh, or is the creation of Mr. Wells's exuberant and self-complacent fancy, he has all the pungency of life and raises questions that are very real. Society must sooner or later answer the question, "What is to be done with our Meeks?"

It is easier to put such a question than to answer it. Candor will sometimes impose the acknowledgment that no answer can be found. Let us assume that Mr. Meek's miseries are, as Mr. Wells declares, highly typical, and ask what society could have done. First, plainly, we have to know Mr. Meek's vicissitudes. Under the lax bringing up of an indulgent grandfather, he passed a happy boyhood. Handicapped at the outset by defective sight, due apparently to his mother's ignorance and neglect, he had a desultory schooling, but learned no trade. As opportunity offered, he passed from employment to employment, always of a casual sort. He was by turns a helper in a Liberal club, a baker, a theatre dresser, before he settled down to piloting a roller chair. At intervals he got several kinds of religion, relapsing ultimately into a fatalistic agnosticism. Happening upon a couple of Socialist books, he became a Fabian. At the visionary task of blending the oil of Fabianism with the vinegar of Social Democracy, he worked with self-abnegating devotion. Idyllic intervals in an existence mostly distressful were an inconclusive love affair and a visit to American farmer-cousins where peace and plenty reigned. Marriage taxed his very slender earning capacity. He lived much in a squalor and amid neighbors singularly repugnant to a man whose tastes were essentially gentle, and on one occasion he was imprisoned for what, but for the fine name "contempt of court," was good old-fashioned inability to pay a debt. Through all his troubles he maintained a kindly and quizzical attitude towards life, consoled himself by much reading, and kept unquenched some tenuous spark of literary ambition. To complete the story, a well-to-do American uncle turned up opportunely, and the Meeks will henceforth have a surer support than the chair business or mere litera-

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ture affords. The question, What shall we do with our Meeks? is thus academic, unless Mr. Wells is right that the instance is typical.

George Meek is the unskilled workman exposed to the hazards of casual employment. Yet he is both more and less than this. He has none of the stolidity that helps such unfortunates to bear their lot, nor any of the instinctive resourcefulness that blindly moves such laborers towards work. Being a superior person, in his measure an *intellectuel*, his lack of initiative is amazing; so is his lack of thrift. Mentally, he is an avowed vagabond and dilettante. Impelled by a desire for experience and a royal disregard for ways and means, speculative and devoid of practical ingenuity, he really belongs to a class that thrives only under parasitic conditions; is somewhat in the isolated and precarious position of a windflower to whom no foster-parent tree has been assigned. Temperament more than circumstances is responsible for his sorrows, and as successful dilettantism in every sphere implies a patron, the real solution of Mr. Meek's case has probably been found in the American uncle *ex machina*.

Unhappily, this remedy cannot be generally applied. Moreover, against the misfortunes of casual employment society can do something. Even a Socialistic régime probably could not have prevented Mr. Meek's father from choosing a worthless wife, but government as it is can help to insure to babies the use of good eyes, and by practical education may raise the general average of efficiency; it can improve the conditions of poor relief, and even the manners of prison warders. But it might as well be avowed that these things are palliatives, not remedies. They must be striven for without indulging millennial hopes. Even the fatherly Collective State could not reach those profounder dissonances between duty and temperament, ambition and capacity, which are of the essence of Mr. Meek's pale tragedy. Of course, there are those who cherish the dream that the Socialist State may play the veritable American uncle to all good fellows in distress. Even Mr. Wells, however, will admit that the question, Who shall pay? would in that case soon cry down the futile challenge, What shall we do with our Meeks?

POPE.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? *To circumscribe poetry by a definition will* only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made.

When Dr. Johnson handed down that famous decision he had no means of foreseeing, and indeed would not have cared to see, the great romantic revival which was to ask a good many times whether Pope was a poet, and was to circumscribe poetry with innumerable definitions. Even so cautious and classical a critic as Matthew Arnold was reduced by his Wordsworthian fervor into saying that, "though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose." Probably the majority of readers of verse to-day, certainly the lagging "official critics," still talk of Pope in an off-hand way as a great writer, perhaps, but as at bottom scarcely a poet at all. Yet there are signs that the sounder taste of the present, grown a little weary of the old romantic presumptions, borrowed from Germany, is tending rather to rehabilitate the neo-classic school. A pleasant witness of this returning sanity may be found in the new life of Pope* by Miss Symonds, whose measured judgment shows by its very lack of originality—I mean nothing disparaging by the phrase—the new set of the tide.

I.

No doubt the character of the poet and the indecorous squabbles in which his life was passed have had something to do with the critical obloquy that has occasionally fallen upon him. If you wish to hear the worst of him—and it is pretty bad—you have only to read Professor Lounsbury's learned work, in which the quarrel between Pope and Theobald over the "Text of Shakespeare" is made the excuse for raking together half the scandalous doings of the little bard. Professor Lounsbury, as an eminent and honest scholar, may show just a touch of partiality for the able editor and poor poet against the slovenly editor and great poet, but, with the best of allowances, his exposition of Pope's treacheries and endless machinations leaves the would-be moralist a sorry figure to contemplate. Well, let us admit that in stooping to Truth, as he boasted, Pope showed rather a magnificent contempt for the prosaic precepts of that Goddess. As a claimant on eternity he was ready to treat the periods of passing time most cavalierly, antedating and post-dating his satirical thrusts quite as it suited him. All this can be admitted, yet much is left to be said on the other side. Wit was a recognized warfare in those days, and the honors went too often, no doubt, to the ablest and not to the most honorable; but the reverse is also true that dishonor has now overtaken Pope, not because he was more treacherous than his rivals, but because he was cleverer—time is likely to take this revenge on a man for lying too successfully.

Outside of that warfare Pope had his admirable traits. His filial piety was scarcely less beautiful because he made poetical capital of it. His friendship, barring the grievous and deplorable feud with Addison, was with his real rivals to fame; and the correspondence of these men, though its frank moralizing may sometimes offend an age grown dull to the distinction between reflection and affectation, is one of the great documents for human nature. When Pope lay "dying of a hundred good symptoms" he said to the priest, after taking the last sacraments: "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue." It was indeed so accounted to him. Warburton, possibly as much to affront the world as to elevate Pope, called him "one of the noblest works of God, . . . an honest man." And Spence, in his anecdotes of Pope's last moments and of Bolingbroke's tenderness, raises their friendship into something almost as beautiful as the faith that gave sanctity to the death-bed scenes of the previous century.

I suspect that we should be indifferent enough to the blamable passages of his life—for it needs a rare literary detective to trace his winding satirical course—were it not that his greatest poems have become to us what Johnson called one of his letters, "nothing but tedious malignity." We might forgive the man his irritable tricks, if for no other reason, for his poor, crazy body and raw nerves; but as a poet he needs, as he gave, no mercy. There are, of course, aspects of his work which can arouse no resentment in the reader of to-day. Mr. Courthope has made a strong plea for the variety and beauty of the heroic measure in his hands; and it is certainly a dull taste that will not respond to the sweet felicity of that couplet in the "Rape of the Lock":

> The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
> From the fair head—for ever and for ever;

or feel the passion of Eloisa's solitary cry:

> Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
> And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!

*"Mr. Pope: His Life and Times." By George Paston [Miss E. M. Symonds]. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50 net.

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Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

II.

But dexterously wrought out as such gems may be, we shall have a feeble case for Pope if we rest his claims on work in this *genre;* magnificent as it is, it lacks the glamour, the last touch of magic, which even the little poets of another school could command in isolated passages. And for the same reason true admirers of Pope will feel a touch of impatience at the extravagant praise so often bestowed upon "The Rape of the Lock," as if his consummate success in this filagree of the mock-heroic should be held up as an excuse for his failure in the more serious style. There is only one honest way to deal with him; we must treat him squarely as the poet of satire, and, unfortunately for his fame, the world has come to regard satire as scarcely poetry at all. If it is not poetry, then, indeed, Pope was but the fragment of a poet. There are, no doubt, special reasons why such a satire as the "Dunciad," which by reason of its size and scope comes first to mind, should find few and painful readers. All great poems, even those most universal in their human appeal, require a fairly high-developed historic sense for their appreciation, and it is idle to suppose that the Æneid will mean much to those who have not trained themselves to live in the Latin world, or that "Paradise Lost" can ever be interesting except to the scholar. No poem of the past is really popular, but the "Dunciad" demands for its comprehension an altogether exorbitant acquaintance with men and manners of a brief particular age.

And even after the necessary minute knowledge has been acquired—and to the scholar this local habitation and name of the "Dunciad" may have a special though somewhat artificial attraction—there remains the fact that the current of historic sympathy has set strongly away from Pope, and that most of us in our hearts are stung by his ridicule as were his living enemies. For that battle of the wits was no causeless or merely bookish event, but was part of the great political war of the land. It grew inevitably out of the ruinous divisions, as it echoed the drums and tramplings, of the previous century; and if ink now flowed instead of blood, the contest was hardly the less venomous for that, or the consequences less serious. It all goes back to that terrible mischance which in the days of the Stuarts divided the imagination and the practical sense of England into irreconcilable camps, and separated the loyalty to symbols of authority so far from the actualities of force. That separation kept its character through the following century, if it has not continued down to this day. Bolingbroke's vision of the Patriot King was a reassumption of the faith of the Cavaliers, and as it was a product of the imagination divorced of practical sense, we see its working out in the follies of George III and the loss of an empire. Walpole's policy was at bottom a continuation of the empire of Cromwell, and as it failed to make a place for the imagination in its practice, we see the result in the gradual lowering of England's ideal life. At the beginning of the eighteenth century she was the intellectual leader of Europe; at the end she followed at a distance. I know of no more distressing fact in history than the situation which, at the critical moment of 1714, set almost all the notable men of letters on the losing side—all of them, I should say, with the exception of Addison and Steele, for Defoe at least served Harley and fell with him. Consider the consequences to literature of the coming of the Hanoverians: Harley himself imprisoned and tried for his head; Bolingbroke frightened out of the country; Atterbury exiled; Swift confined to Dublin; Parnell also kept in Ireland; Pope cut off from political life and retired to Twickenham; Gay nursing the insult of an offer to be gentleman-usher to the infant Princess Louisa; Prior imprisoned for two years, and then sinking to a frowsy degradation; Arbuthnot removed from St. James's, and at the end writing to Pope his pathetic plea for euthanasia. It was with no mere poetic license that Pope painted the new sovereignty:

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines);
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

There is personal spite aplenty in the "Dunciad," innumerable strokes of mean retaliation and wanton offence—these faults cannot be severed from the character of the author; but beneath these motives of personal satire we shall miss the whole meaning of the poem if we fail to see the passionate warfare of the losing party of wit against the triumphant party of practical, not precisely common, sense. Picture to yourself one of the dinners at Lord Oxford's, the guests that met there and what they stood for, or call up one of the more intimate evenings in the apartments of that great talker and gourmand, Dr. Arbuthnot, at St. James's, and in comparison with these think of what passed in the palace of George I and his son, or even in the chambers of Caroline, and what these things meant to letters. There is no doubt much to admire in the deistic society that Caroline affected, and an evening at St. James's, when the Queen and perhaps Mrs. Clayton drew out the conversation of Berkeley or Clarke or Butler is one of the things I like best to contemplate in those days, even though, as Chesterfield and Walpole unite in saying, the mistress of the palace only bewildered herself in metaphysical disputes which she did not comprehend. But the master of the palace, like his own master, Sir Robert, had, I know, "a contempt for *Belles Lettres*, which he called trifling," and the Queen herself, I remember, in place of the poets she frowned upon or neglected, showered her favors upon the sad thresher-poet Stephen Duck, whom she made librarian of her grotto, "Merlin's Cave," in Richmond Gardens. George called the grotto "silly stuff"; what he thought of the poor favorite who was patronized to suicide, I do not know.

In the contrast of Queen Anne's reign with that of the Hanoverians lies the real meaning of the "Dunciad," and therein is the excuse for its bitterness. The pity of it is that politically, at least as we contemplate affairs within a narrow range of years, the Hanoverians were right, and as they seem to us right, we are drawn away from sympathy, even of a literary sort, with the satire that exposed the intellectual bareness of the land.

III.

But there is still a deeper cause of our distaste than the old echoes of faction and our political incompatibility. A great change has come upon us in our attitude toward human nature itself, and, curiously enough, Pope himself is one of the prime movers of this revolution which has carried us away from the very comprehension of his own principal works. For there is this paradox in the philosophy of Pope. On the one hand, we have his contemptuous treatment of mankind, as if his satires were no more than a long development of the text of Machiavelli that "all men are caitive [*cattivi*, captive to the base impulses of egotism], and are ever ready to use the malignity of their spirit, when they have free opportunity." While on the other hand, in his "Essay on Man," inspired by the dubious optimism of his friend Bolingbroke, we have the deistic conception of the world as the best possible creation and of men as naturally altruistic in desire and as needing only liberty from restraint to develop into unselfishness of action. Now deism, which, it should be noted, was the express theme of the philosophers and divines who hung upon the court of Caroline, won the day, altering our whole conception of society and our manner of judging the individual. We have in the course of the last two hundred years acquired a kind of tenderness for humanity, which causes us to shrink from the old theological notion of absolute evil in the world, and also from the literature of the moralists which was based on the same belief. With that tenderness, if it be not the source of the feeling, our in-

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dividual sensitiveness has increased enormously, so that we take in a quite personal way the attacks of moralist and satirist on mankind in general. We can listen to the singing of the still sad music of humanity with a delicate self-pity, but from the philosophy of a Rochefoucault or a Machiavelli we start back as if a hand were laid on a concealed sore. It is certainly true that he who has imbibed deeply this modern humanitarianism will be repelled from the literature of which Pope's satires are so perfect an example; in those attacks on the meanness and folly and dulness and venality of the world he will suffer a kind of uneasiness, and, taking his revenge by decrying them as a base form of art, will turn for consolation to what Cowper calls the

charity that soothes a lie,
And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by.

I would not say that Machiavelli expressed the whole truth, any more than did the deists, but it may as well be recognized that, without some lingering suspicion of the eternal deceitfulness of the heart and some malicious glee in the unveiling of the deceit, no man shall feel at home in the old battle of the wits. Only the absence of that suspicion and glee can account, I think, for the common apathy toward Pope's masterpiece, the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," which is at once the prologue and the consummation of his satires.

IV.

For myself I will admit frankly that I have read the "Epistle" oftener, perhaps, than any other English poem except "Lycidas," and that long familiarity with its lines has given me always a deepening admiration for its art. If it is not poetry, I do not know where poetry is to be found. That Pope's inspiration moves on a lower plane than Milton's, I should be the last to deny. Yet in a way their themes, despite the great difference of their age and faith, have an odd similarity. Milton, like the poet of Queen Anne, wrote in the heat of battle, and with him, too, *fecit indignatio versus*. In a way, one is complementary to the other, and nothing can better show the mischievous nature of the division in the Stuart days than the fact that the practical party which Milton represented—so far as he can be said to have represented anybody but himself—was now the people of Dullness, while the party of the imagination, as we see it in the writings of Swift and Pope, was divested of all the old magnificences of morality. Yet if the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" lacks Milton's mighty impulse of religion and draws from lower springs of Helicon, it still has its great compensations. The indignation is as terrible, if its causes are more mixed. Here, even more ruinously than in the "Dunciad," and without the longer poem's tediousness of obscure detail, the dreaded secret is revealed—

That secret to each fool, that he's an ass.

We may doubt what was the exact nature of that two-handed engine which Milton suspended against the enemies of Puritanism, but there is nothing ambiguous about the revenge of Pope, whether with one blade he hews down his open enemies or with the other attacks his pretended friends. From the opening appeal to the poet's old and faithful servant:

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land—

to the last fling at the hypocrites:

One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend—

there is a succession of lines of almost dazzling wit, and every line a stab. Thackeray, as the father of Pendennis and the half-ironical patron of the Grub Street of his own day, has some pretty words of abuse upon Pope for fixing in the public mind this notion of the snarling, starving attic-world of authorship. No doubt Pope has touched up the picture with high lights, but an acquaintance with the lesser literature of the day, and with the periodicals, not omitting Pope's own blackguardly *Grub Street Journal*, gives all the justification needed for the portrait. And here again we shall miss the point if we take this fury as purely personal. There were principles involved, though Pope himself, I dare say, never really knew the difference between his principles and his spite. Something more than personal hatred envenoms the deadly caricature of Lord Hervey and the desire to "flap this bug with gilded wings." With the culmination of the satire,

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,

should be read Jonathan Richardson's comment:

I have heard that this lord had actually a seat managed behind the queen's hunting chaise, where he sat perched behind her close at her ear, but he could never stand it above three or four times. Besides the ridicule of his friends, folks hooted at him as the machine passed along.

The real animus of the attack is the relation of Hervey to Caroline and the Hanoverian court, and all that this meant to the intellectual and imaginative life of England. This, too, must be the excuse for the portrait of Addison, though it may scarcely palliate the author's shiftiness in regard to the date of writing the lines. They must be quoted:

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

Of the exquisite finish of these verses there can, I suppose, be no question, unless De Quincey's frivolous criticism is to be listened to. The other day, while they were fresh in my memory, a friend of mine who loves and gathers beautiful things was showing me his collection of Japanese sword-guards; and as I looked at those wonderfully wrought plates of steel and considered their ancient place on the instruments of battle, it occurred to me that their craftsmanship was not unlike that which had gone into the making of this detached masterpiece of words. And it seemed to me that the rectitude and patience of the work in each case was one of the causes of their perpetual charm. I have a prejudice in favor of genius, an invincible feeling that true art is in some way based on truth. And so, whether this portrait of Addison was written, as Warburton declares, in 1815, because the Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson, had warned Pope of Addison's jealousy and of his instigation of Gildon to publish a scurrilous pamphlet against his supposed friend, or because Pope believed Addison to be responsible for Tickell's rival translation of the Iliad—whatever may have been the devious ways of Pope in explaining and spreading abroad the satire—I am convinced that Addison was not entirely blameless. In some way the jealousies of his trade had set free the deceitful spirit of egotism that lurks beneath the fairest character. It must be remembered also that in the year when the satire was written, and when the circle of Pope was suffering in so many ways from the death of Queen Anne, Addison as Chief Secretary to Ireland was enjoying the fruits of his service to the Whigs.

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That, indeed, may be to his credit politically; it will help to explain, nevertheless, why Pope placed him, not among the dunces, for that would have been to stultify the writer, but among those who in the desperate battle of the mind followed the false standard—the one lost leader, when so many lesser and more ignoble men were faithful. I think Pope had loved, and did always admire, Addison. There is the true pathos of wit—and wit may have its tears—a cry of grief from a very great bitterness and regret in the last line,

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

If the emotion here is not genuine, we may as well shut our bosoms to every appeal of books.

V.

But there is in this satire something besides sorrow for the perversion, or at least the failure, of a noble friend; it must be read in connection with Pope's own feeling of weariness, if not of degradation. By the side of this scorn of the dull and the base, runs the contrasted note of friendship, which was always the finest trait of his character. Nowhere else does he express the union that bound together this body of defeated wits with so exquisite a charm as in the lines to the genial, much-beloved physician:

Friend to my life, which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

In comparison with that peaceful bond, of what profit was the long-protracted and in the end losing enmity which inspired his satire? What evil genius projected him into this hateful air of conflict?—

Why did I write? What sin to me unknown.
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own?

To understand the "Epistle" we must read it as Pope's *apologia pro vita sua*, at once an excuse for the warfare in which his days had passed and an acknowledgment of their waste and bitter fruit. With a kind of childlike and, I think, utterly sincere regret he compares the quiet tenor of his father's life with the discordant ambitions of literature, and counts as the one indisputable blessing to himself the homely respect for that life which he had preserved against all the inroads of the world's malice:

O friend! May each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.

Not Goldsmith himself painted a sweeter picture of resignation and piety; and, whatever else may have been true of Pope, these lines also speak the truth of him.

VI.

It may seem that the beauty of these contrasted notes in Pope's greatest poem is lost to the world to-day, because one of them at least, the warfare of the wits, was a temporary thing, now long forgotten and of interest only to the special student. To a certain degree and in form this is no doubt the case. Yet the warfare substantially is not ended, and shall not end while the differences of human nature remain unreconciled. Men in this living age, always a few, are still fighting for the rights of the mind against a dull and delusive materialism, for the freedom of the imagination against a prosaic tyranny, for a pure and patient ambition against the quick successes of vanity and pliant cleverness, for the reality of human nature against a fatuous self-complacency. To these the triumphant satire of Pope is a perpetual encouragement, while his pathetic apology expresses for them the relief needed when success appears far away, or, even if near, not worth the cost in the humiliating wager of soul against soul. Nor is the theme of the "Epistle" without its more universal aspect. For after all life itself, not for the wit only, but for each man in his place, is a contest, and poetry, from the time when Homer portrayed his heroes battling with sword and fire on the banks of the Simois, and longing for the peace of hearth and kindred and friends across the seas, has been the expression, varying in form and instruments, of that inevitable fate. The presentation of this truth may in Pope be narrowed to a particular manner and time, it may assume ignoble images and speak too often in reprehensible language, nevertheless he who does not respond to the deep emotion and humanity underlying the "Satires" has travelled but a short way into the realm of letters; he has even, I dare assert, felt but a little of the great realities of man's life. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

"LEST WE FORGET."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Authors are apt to be strangely forgetful of facts in their own literary history, and have therefore sometimes misled editors and critics in their comments and annotations. Your keen-eyed bibliophile has more than once called attention to these lapses, as in the *Nation* for July 22, 1909, where he illustrates them by Lowell's inaccuracy in his note on the final edition (1890) concerning the composition of the "Fable for Critics." Lowell there says:

This *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement, and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication.

And in a letter to R. W. Gilder (February 9, 1887) he had said of the poem: "I wrote it (slap-dash, in less than a week, I think) with no notion of publication."

The fact was that in November and December, 1847, Lowell sent "about six hundred lines" to Briggs, with instructions for its publication. From that time he worked upon it irregularly, with much prodding from his friend and the printer, until October, 1848, when the poem was completed and published.

Tennyson was more surprisingly forgetful in regard to the date of his first book, the "Poems by Two Brothers." It was certainly published in March, 1827, as all authorities agreed down to 1892. Dr. Van Dyke so gave the date in the "Chronology" appended to the first edition of his excellent "Poetry of Tennyson" in 1889 and to the second in 1891. But in the third (1892) it is changed to "1826," with the following note:

It was post-dated according to the common custom among publishers at that time. For this true date of its appearance, which has I believe never before been given correctly, I am indebted to Lord Tennyson.

He had visited the poet in 1892, "a few weeks" before this third edition went to press. I noticed the error as soon as I saw it, for I remembered, though Tennyson forgot it, that the preface of his book is dated "March, 1827," and the "Memoir" by his son so states it. Title pages are often "post-dated" (particularly in the case of holiday books brought out late in the year, compelling cataloguers and bibliographers to print two dates), but prefaces are likely to give the true date. The book was doubtless sent to press in 1826, and many of the poems in it were written some years earlier, as we know, but Tennyson confused the facts. The error, however, is not corrected in the seventh (1896) edition of Dr. Van Dyke's book, the latest that I have seen.

Within a few months I have accidentally discovered that Tennyson led me into a similar mistake in my notes on the second poem entitled "Freedom," which was first printed in this country (from "advance copy") in 1884. The second line then had "column'd Parthenon" instead of "pillar'd Parthenon," the reading in the "Tiresias" volume, published the very next year (1885), which I followed in "Enoch Arden and Other Poems" (1887), referring in the notes to the earlier reading. I sent the book to Tennyson, and, when acknowledging it, he said I was wrong in ascribing "column'd" to him, and intimated that it was a blunder in the *Independent*. I took his word for it, without looking the poem up in *Macmillan's Magazine* (where it first appeared in England in December, 1884), and "corrected" the note accordingly in my next edition, as also in a revised and enlarged edition in 1895, in Vol. VIII of the *de luxe* twelve-volume edition of Tennyson's works (1896), and in the "Cambridge" edition

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(1898). But, having occasion lately to look into *Macmillan's* for something else, my eye chanced to fall on the poem there (printed of course from the poet's manuscript), and found "column'd Parthenon." So much for an honest effort on my part to be accurate!

I may add that the fifth stanza in this poem ("Of Knowledge fusing class with class," etc.) was added in the "Tiresias" volume, and some minor changes were made.

Tennyson also wrote to me once—or told me at one of my visits to him—that often what were supposed to be new readings in his poems were really the original ones. I am quite sure that in some cases of the kind they were not the first readings *in print*, though they may have been in the first *manuscript* to which he subsequently returned.

It is well known that occasionally he altered his printed text, and was led by the criticisms upon the new reading to restore the earlier one. In "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," for instance, he changed "The gardener Adam" of 1842 to "The grand old gardener," which was generally condemned, and in 1875 he returned to the first reading. The extensive changes made in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" were more vehemently resented by the critics, and the poem now varies only slightly from the earliest printed text.

The reader may remember that in a former letter to the *Nation* (May 6, 1909), I showed that the poet printed no less than four considerable variations of a passage in 'Merlin and Vivien," one of which appears only in the first American edition (1857); and *three* forms of some passages in his works are by no means rare.

I am strongly inclined, moreover, to think that Tennyson sometimes forgot (as Browning occasionally admitted that he did) what he meant in certain figurative passages in his earlier poems; but "that's another story," and I will not dwell upon it here.

Another eminent author, Mr. Gladstone, caused me more than one "bad quarter of an hour," on account of a supposed injustice I had done him, in the notes of my edition of "In Memoriam" (1895). Among the tributes to Arthur Hallam which I had quoted therein, was one of considerable length, ascribed to "W. E. Gladstone"; but when I sent him the book, he wrote to me somewhat curtly, asking on what authority I had mentioned him as having written it. After search through twenty or more books on Tennyson, I found it in Mr. E. C. Tainsh's capital little "Study," of which three editions appeared (1868, 1869, 1870). Then I wrote to Gladstone, referring him to Tainsh, and begging him to inform me whether the passage had been wrongly attributed to him, in order that I might make the necessary correction in my next edition. He did not write in reply, but two years later, when the "Memoir" of Tennyson, by his son, appeared, I found the passage quoted there (Vol. I, p. 299), as from a review of "In Memoriam," "by Mr. Gladstone," which the poet "thought one of the ablest." The quotation was said to be from "Gladstone's 'Gleanings of Past Years,' Vol. II, pp. 136-137." There it is credited to the *Quarterly Review*, October, 1859, with a foot-note stating that the sentence beginning "The writer of this paper," and ending with the quotation, "I marked him," etc. (from De Vere's "Mary Tudor") "has now (1878) been added." Tainsh had evidently taken it from the "Gleanings," with one slight accidental change ("the rapid, full, and rich development," instead of "the rapid growth and rich development"). It is curious that Gladstone, after reprinting the paper and adding to it in 1878, should have forgotten that he wrote it. His note to me, however, was written when he was *eighty-five years old*; and he died in May, 1898, less than a year after the Memoir of Tennyson was published. I had not troubled myself to write to him again about the matter.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., June 21.

ENGLISH ROMANTICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Mather's able essay on Professor Babbitt's "New Laokoön" raises many points of interest. The doctrine that art should be governed rather by reason than by the emotions is unquestionably a sound one for America to-day. A public which prefers Tchaikovsky to Bach, which dotes on Puccini and neglects Mozart, is in urgent need of higher intellectual standards.

Yet it is unfair to let the reader infer that the so-called romantic movement in English poetry about 1800 was a mere worship of emotionalism. It was rather a loosening of conventional strait-lacings which allowed the poet not only to breathe, but also to think more freely. The result was, as Mr. Courthope shows in his "History of English Poetry," an individualism according to the temperament of the given poet; and although each of them went to some extreme, each made a valuable contribution to the future possibilities of the literature by opening a new field of thought or developing a new method of expression. Thus Wordsworth enriched our contemplative joy in nature for all time, and Shelley gave us visions of political perfection, many of which have come true since he wrote. These two poets widened the thought as well as the emotional range of posterity. Nor should we forget that this was the period of our most inspiring critics: Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey.

Perhaps we can best gauge the value of the romantic poets by observing their influence on the more classic of the Victorians. Tennyson and Arnold till the soil broken by Keats and Wordsworth; or we might call the romanticists the pioneers and the Victorians the settlers. Again, what a charm is added to Augustinism by a fresh personal impulse, as in the lyrics of Mr. Austin Dobson! In his rondeaux and ballades we have all the dainty perfection of "teacup times," combined with a wistful touch of feeling that is original and captivating.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

University of Pennsylvania, June 22.

PARTY PLATFORMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have long been contemplating the suggestion that our political parties are too diffuse in their platforms, and that only one or two issues should be set forth and continued until they are fought to the finish. The old parties will hardly consent to this—the present old party leaders I mean. Why not the Progressive party?

Let the tariff issue or the conservation issue or the corporation issue be taken up—perhaps all three—and placed in the platform of each Congressional district this autumn. Then have the general statement made that all other issues which happen to come up in Congress will be referred to the Progressive constituencies for their approval before final action is taken upon them by the Progressives.

In addition then to the one—or two—issue platform, we would have the referendum introduced.

Here is a solution of our present political difficulties.

CHARLES A. WENFIELD.

Providence, R. I., June 20.

CHAR-À-BANC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What is the earliest date of the appearance of *char-à-banc* in an English book? The first example cited in the Oxford Dictionary is dated 1832. But the following passage from James Edward Smith's "Sketch of a Tour on the Continent," III, 174-5 (second edition, London, 1807), shows that the word was used in England at least a generation earlier:

> Sept. 4, [1786]. From hence I sent back the mules of Chamouni, hired at Salenche, with their owner, and proceeded to Villeneuve in a *char-à-banc*, a singular species of vehicle, in which one rides sideways very little raised above the dirt or dust of the road, and quite open to it.

WILLIAM EDWARD MEAD.

Middletown, Conn., June 23.

Literature.

ALASKA AND THE FAR NORTH.

Cruises in the Bering Sea, being Records of Further Sport and Travel. By Paul Niedieck. Translated from the German by R. A. Ploetz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

Trailing and Camping in Alaska. By Addison M. Powell. New York: A. Wessels. $2 net.

The New North, being Some Account of a Woman's Journey through Canada to the Arctic. By Agnes Deans Cameron. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

Handbook of Polar Discoveries. By A. W. Greely. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Tent Life in Siberia. By George Kennan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet. By A. Henry Savage Landor. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Mr. Niedieck describes a journey to Kamschatka and Alaska, in the summer of 1906, with a passing glimpse at Japan. About half the book is devoted

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to Kamschatka, and the balance to Alaska. While the primary object of the expedition was to hunt bears and bighorn along the Siberian coast, and moose on the American side, its chief value lies in the author's interesting notes on the geography, fauna, and ethnology of the region about Bering Sea. His account of the Siberian coast is particularly welcome, the available literature on that subject being very meagre. We have had better opportunities of becoming acquainted with Alaska, but this book offers an excellent summary of the history and development of the territory, and at least in the chapters on the manners and customs of the aborigines, and their mythology, contains much that has not hitherto appeared in print. A synopsis of the animals collected during the expedition is given in an appendix, and the book is illustrated by a large number of excellent photographs, as well as a chart.

With every desire to see the good points of "Trailing and Camping in Alaska," the reviewer fails to discover the reason for its writing. It is almost everything that a book of description and travel should not be. In his introduction, Mr. Powell tells us that "many incidents which were commonplace to the author, but which might have proved interesting and unusual to the reader, have been curtailed or withheld in order not to interfere with the general character, or to become tedious by their added length." Unfortunately, his book is packed with commonplace incidents. That in itself is no fault. Commonplace incidents may be made highly entertaining. These are not. That Mr. Powell knows Alaska one can have no reasonable doubt; but he lacks the gift to make his knowledge either serviceable or interesting to others. One gets the impression of a collection of unrelated notes, strung together in narrative form; a jumble of history that is common knowledge, anecdote that is lifeless, and facetious comments that do not amuse. The one redeeming feature is the photographic illustrations, many of which are admirable.

The extent to which a writer may make or mar a good subject is strikingly illustrated in the book just mentioned and in Miss Cameron's "New North." The same elements are present in both, but the result is very different. Miss Cameron describes a journey from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, and down the Athabasca, Slave, and Mackenzie rivers to the Arctic. The incidents of the journey are often commonplace, but she has made them intensely interesting. Her history and anecdotes are always well told, and to the point; the narrative is enlivened by touches of humor that is spontaneous and real; and the whole is presented in a style that lifts the book well above the average story of travel. She describes the life of fur-trader and Indian, missionary, Eskimo, and whaler, with a touch that is sympathetic, vigorous, and compelling. She reveals to us a new field of achievement, full of human interest; and incidentally opens to the traveller a virtually undiscovered country, readily accessible, and most attractive from every point of view.

In the fourth edition of his well-known handbook, Gen. Greely has added the results of Arctic and Antarctic discoveries within the last few years. One scarcely realizes the extent and importance of recent explorations until one compares this with the previous edition. The twentieth century has already been marked by achievements in these fields surpassing those of many previous centuries. Abruzzi, Amundsen, Ericksen, Peary, and Sverdrup, in the north, and Bruce, Charcot, Nordenskiold, Scott, and Shackleton, in the south, have thrown a flood of light upon hitherto unknown regions; the North Pole has been actually reached, and the South Pole brought within measurable distance. Generally speaking, comment is unnecessary upon the character of the book as a work of reference. It has long since taken its place as an indispensable companion to the student and general reader. It must, however, be matter of regret to the compiler that he did not await the issue of the dispute touching Dr. Cook's alleged polar discovery. The standing of his work is seriously impaired by the unreserved acceptance of Dr. Cook's claim to the discovery of the North Pole.

As long ago as 1870 Mr. Kennan issued his narrative of life and adventures in Siberia, and because of the readable qualities of the book, as well as the interest of the subject, it has never since ceased to find readers. He has now revised and enlarged his narrative, and added a considerable number of excellent illustrations. "Tent Life in Siberia" embodies a history of the explorations and surveys of the Russian American Telegraph Company, on the Siberian side of Bering Strait. Although first issued so many years ago, Mr. Kennan's account of the country, its scenery, and the manners and customs of its people, is still valuable, and has been made more so by the addition of several new chapters, notably one embodying the incidents and adventures of a winter journey overland from the Okhotsk Sea to the Volga River—a "straight-away sleigh-ride of more than five thousand miles."

In his larger work, "In the Forbidden Land," Mr. Landor gave a detailed account of the scientific results of his memorable journey through Tibet in 1897. The intensely dramatic story of the journey itself, stripped of scientific data, is now made available in "An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet." Seldom indeed has any traveller lived to tell such a tale of privation, suffering, and hairbreadth escapes. The story is one of unconquerable pluck and endurance, under extraordinary difficulties. Although his presence in Tibet was known from the moment he crossed the boundary, and troops of soldiers were constantly searching for him, Mr. Landor almost succeeded in his mad attempt to reach the sacred city of Lhassa, before he was finally captured. He was cruelly tortured, but by rare good fortune his life was spared, and he was conducted back to the boundary. Of the many important geographical results of his journey, perhaps the most interesting was the discovery of the sources of the Brahmaputra and Sutlej Rivers.

CURRENT FICTION.

East London Visions. By O'Dermid W. Lawler. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Imagine a combination of "Sartor Resartus" with the "New Arabian Nights," the blend slightly tinctured also by the "Vita Nuova," and you will gain some notion of the most oddly fascinating book that for many a day has come under one reviewer's eye. Ostensibly, this is the autobiography of a star-gazing young poet struggling with the conditions of East London. Many of the characters are plainly drawn from the life. Admirable is the picture of the hero's sardonic, friendly, irascible father. Even more massive is the effigy of the Jew Abzedion, lord of his alley and keeper of a fried-fish bar. Vastly amusing and pathetic is the confession of an evangelical clergyman who without a faith, by the shifts and turns of the comedian, "keeps the show going." The women, however, are almost without exception symbols of the religious life. Indeed, the book, taken broadly, is an allegory of the search for a faith.

What redeems it from the aridity of its kind is the foundation of urgent realism and the passion with which the symbolism is created and unwound. This book has eloquence and emotion, and its texture is of a cunningly varied interest. It is humorous withal, with something of the rich extravagance of a Sterne or a Carlyle. We have found its mixture of the sublime with the topsy-turvical always refreshing. Obviously, the widely assorted ingredients of the work make the task of the critic a difficult one. What strikes him as racy and enjoyable in an æsthetic sense, may to another reader seem of oracular importance; to a third, sheer nonsense. We prefer, then, to avoid the judicial duty, merely recording a keen personal enjoyment and representing the temper of the book by an extract.

The author, metamorphosed in a vision into a bird, flits above the haunts

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of three religions. He tries in vain to catch the ear of the ritualists; and finally gets the answer from a priest, "I neither see you nor understand you; but I am quite willing to admit anything you say." Wholly failing to get the attention of the evangelicals, a folk who seemed to lack a social language, he next tried the religious nurslings of the gentle skeptic, Matthew Arnold:

> Then I flitted to a third group between the two others, and repeated my operations, desiring to call their attention to the stellar arrangements. But they were talking of Religion. "Religion," said one, "is Morality touched with Emotion." On this, with an effort, I found my speech: "What a culinary definition!" I exclaimed. "You take a little Morality, and you touch it with a little Emotion (kind of Emotion not stated—Query, Spite?) and behold—you produce Religion! How little you comfortable people know about it! I tell you Religion is—Life!"—"But what is Life?" asked a gentleman.
>
> I was glad of the interruption. . . . "You People put," I said, "the cart before the horse. Steam is—Locomotion—touched with Explosiveness. What do you think of that absurdity? Are you totally unaware of the Threefold Arch of Being?—THAT WHICH IS—THAT WHICH MAKES—THAT WHICH IS MADE!"
>
> To this there was no answer. Perhaps it sounded to them perilous nonsense, just as their high-class words had sounded to me. They disregarded me, and I flew back to my roof.

A Marriage Under the Terror. By Patricia Wentworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As a story which won first prize in an English novel competition, this has a certain preliminary claim upon the curiosity of the reader. Three competent woman-judges, it is announced, all well-known writers of fiction, independently chose this as the best novel submitted. Of course the choice under the given conditions might naturally lie between worse and the better, rather than between better and the best. Certainly the three judges in question could hardly have been expected to pick an historical romance. Such, however, on the face of it, is "A Marriage Under the Terror," and a highly respectable achievement of its kind. The action begins on the very eve of the Terror. A convent-bred girl of noble birth is brought to Paris to marry a middle-aged roué to whom she has been betrothed as a child. She has barely been presented to her affianced, when he and his worldly mistress and all the circle to which they belong, are arrested and imprisoned in La Force. The girl, Mademoiselle de Rochambeau, follows them to the jail, but is refused admission. A stout *bourgeoise* rescues her from the street, and she becomes a seamstress, taking a plebeian name. When we say that one of her housemates is Dangeau, young and handsome champion of liberty, of ordinary blood, but a heart of gold, we have told the rest of the story. They love, but aristocratic prejudice forbids her succumbing; they are nominally married under dramatic necessity. Thereafter they are separated, and after many adventures connected with the rise and passing of the Terror, after they have been brought side by side to the scaffold, Fate kindly, if not unexpectedly, rescues them. In fact, Robespierre takes that appropriate moment for falling, and thereby makes two lovers happy. There is, it will be seen, a good sort of plot for this sort of story; and the historical part of the tale, the picture of that perturbed and finally obsessed Paris of the Revolution, is managed with a good deal of vividness.

The Illustrious Prince. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The first few pages of Mr. Oppenheim's latest production promise a detective story of thrilling quality. At the very start, a mysterious American traveller, who has sufficient influence to command a special landing when the Lusitania is unable to put her passengers ashore at Liverpool, and to conjure into being a special train for the run from Liverpool to London, is murdered in that train in a peculiar manner, and to the bewilderment of the guard. Only a chapter or two further on, another murder in a London taxi-cab thickens the plot, and makes the lover of the detective story settle down more comfortably in his easy chair. But his hopes are dashed, for from this point the story seems to go to pieces; motives spring up apparently without reason, characters develop to fill vacancies with surprising readiness, and all the while the reader, being entirely certain of the identity of the criminal, is only annoyed, not mystified, by the attempt to divert suspicion to new characters.

Meanwhile the heroine falls in love with the paragon of all heroes, Prince Maiyo of Japan, after first believing that she hates him; and even when she realizes her true feeling, she becomes engaged to an athletic young Englishman. Under these conditions she is scarcely the proper champion of the Prince's cause, whom all the while she believes to be the murderer!

Altogether Mr. Oppenheim has given us an unsatisfactory and disappointing book, which is not saved as a detective story by an ending which lacks conviction. It is possible that it was not meant for a detective story at all, but for a serious warning to England to beware an alliance with Japan. Evidently the Prince is made the spokesman of the author's theories of European politics, as he denounces the death of true patriotism in England—due, he says, in large measure, to the British love of "sport"—and predicts the world domination of Japan and China, when the United States shall have been fought and conquered.

The Messenger. By Katharine Holland Brown—*The Lifted Bandage.* By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though by different writers and not in the same volume, these are companion stories, and the publisher has recognized the fact by printing them in almost identical form. They have to do with the same theme: the hunger of the modern skeptical or worldly mind for a belief in the hereafter. In the first tale, a young widow struggles in vain to feel that death has not cut her off forever from her husband. They have never talked of death; she does not know what he has believed about it. Her quandary has become almost an obsession, when chance brings to her proof that he has been absolutely certain of a future life; with the knowledge, the cloud lifts from her spirit, and she feels herself once more united to her dead.

Mrs. Andrews's sufferer from doubt is an old man whose dead son has been accused of murder by a coroner's jury. In default of a belief that he is to be reunited to his wife and son, his only possible reason for continuing to live would be a belief in the son's innocence of the charge. But he admits the evidence, and is on the way to madness when a sudden revelation comes to him of the continued existence of those he has loved, and of the beneficent nature of things which have hitherto seemed to him cruel and unjust. Both stories are effectively told; curiously enough, the style is so similar in the two tales that they might easily have been written by the same hand.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The History of the Confederate War. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 2 vols. $4 net.

Mr. Eggleston has here set himself the large task of telling the story of the civil war with "absolute loyalty to truth." He believes that the time has come when this may be done, and that no fair-minded American desires any longer a perversion of facts. The implication that some, at least, of the host of previous historians of the war have inclined to distortion or suppression of facts is, unfortunately, not without foundation, though whether Northern or Southern partisans have been on the whole the more culpable is not apparent from these pages. Be that as it may, Mr. Eggleston himself has sought to lay aside prejudice, to forget the chagrin of defeat and the joy of

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victory, to reckon no participant as either friend or foe, and to set down, in the clear, dry light of nearly a half-century of peace, the history of the greatest of all wars as that history really is.

It would, indeed, be gratifying if criticism could give to the substance of these well-printed and attractive volumes as high praise as must be accorded to the spirit in which the writing of them was undertaken. That the book is readable goes without saying. In the appraisal of the motives and conduct of the South and its leaders, there is notable restraint, and the really heroic character of the Southern resistance, both in the field and on the lonely plantation, is so delicately touched as hardly to do full justice to it. If Mr. Eggleston has had any expectation that his book will warm the Southern heart, or make the present generation prouder than it now is of the deeds of the fathers, we fear that the response will be less enthusiastic than he has hoped; for the balance of commendation, if balance there be, inclines to the North.

As a serious contribution to history, however, the work cannot be called weighty. The absence of footnotes makes it, to be sure, impossible to say what authorities Mr. Eggleston has used, but the text gives no evidence of special research, nor even of an altogether careful study of secondary narratives. From time to time, we are assured that this or that view of the matter in controversy is sustained or disproved by the "documents"; but since the conclusions of the author do not differ from those already familiar in the pages of other historians, one cannot help questioning whether Mr. Eggleston has examined the authorities for himself. Some loose and inaccurate statements could have been avoided had even the secondary authorities been more carefully followed. The claim of impartiality, too, must at times be challenged. The administrative incapacity of both Federal and Confederate officials is severely scored, though with little apparent recognition of the difficulties, political and other, which attended the conduct of the war on both sides; while the denunciation of Halleck, especially for his treatment of Grant, is so insistent as to pass the bounds of scholarly disapproval.

In its discursiveness and emphatic iteration, Mr. Eggleston's writing suggests the later manner of Mr. Roosevelt. The inevitable antithesis of good and evil is heightened by a strenuous application of adjectives. Neither men nor actions appear in simple, unadorned relations, but as "absolutely" this or "unquestionably" that. All the great are colossal, all the small contemptible. There are a few good descriptive passages, but, in general, the accounts of military operations, though commendably clear, are not inspiring; while the most touching scene among them, the surrender of Lee, is not described at all. Of other than strictly military matters, the narrative as a whole takes only incidental notice—an omission the more regrettable because of Mr. Eggleston's intimate acquaintance with Southern life, both before and after the war. The summary account of American history down to 1861, with special reference to slavery and the relations of the sections, which fills nearly half of the first volume, might well have been dispensed with in favor of a fuller treatment of economic and social conditions.

The value of Mr. Eggleston's work consists in its exposition, first, of the inevitableness of the war, in view of the divergent history and interests of the two sections; and, secondly, of the sincerity of those who fought for the success of the Southern cause. While for legal purposes the struggle is perhaps best described as a rebellion, it was rebellion of so large and fundamental a sort as to elevate the contest to the plane of public war, and give to it the character of a war for independence. Mr. Eggleston would have us believe that those who fought to disrupt the Union were, after all, patriots, and entitled, now that the strife is over, to be held in honor for their principles, as well as for their courage and constancy. We cannot take this view, but we can at least rejoice with him that slavery was abolished and the Union saved, and praise the chivalry that essays a story which the victor may read without glorying, and the vanquished peruse without pain.

Central America and Its Problems: An Account of a Journey from the Rio Grande to Panama, with Introductory Chapters on Mexico and Her Relations to Her Neighbors. By Frederick Palmer, F.R.G.S. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

In these days of subsidized official "boosting" one cannot help being grateful for the presentation in book form of Mr. Palmer's Chicago *Tribune* correspondence. Let it be admitted at the outset that the book has the defects of its journalistic origin. Snap judgments, brilliant generalities, and startling emphasis are not the qualities which go to make a standard work. At the same time, Mr. Palmer is a clever writer and a discerning observer, and his book is decidedly readable and entertaining. The first two hundred pages, devoted to the narrative of his hurried journey from one Central American capital to another, are really fascinating. Nothing so interesting has been written about Honduras since Richard Harding Davis's "Three Gringos" journeyed across that debt-laden republic. It is a pity that Mr. Palmer thought it necessary to fill out his volume with so much theorizing and preaching about matters for which his short trip did not qualify him to speak with authority. Nevertheless, many of his observations show good judgment and keen penetration. Such remarks as the following deserve repetition: "Waste your money in any way you please, but do not put it in a rubber plantation in Mexico"; "Let it be repeated without equivocation that anybody who invests in any land or plantation scheme south of the Rio Grande, when he has not seen the property or does not know his men, may consider his money lost"; "Too frequently the American concession-hunter judges the country's possibilities by its natural wealth, rather than by the human handicaps."

Apart from these astute warnings, the most noticeable work which Mr. Palmer has done is the presentation in a graphic fashion of incidents and conditions which lead him to the conclusion that if we are going to stand by the Monroe Doctrine we must take the consequences. The diplomats we send to tropical America should be the ablest men in the service and their hands should be strengthened, not weakened, by a badly informed State Department. It should be their aim, says Mr. Palmer, without arousing local animosity, to keep the bellicose republics from falling foul of each other and to prevent the inevitable dictators from taking advantage of our protection to give their tyrannical tendencies free play. Without for a moment implying that we should annex any of that territory, the inference is that we must do something to make it possible for the unfortunate inhabitants of Central America to enjoy the blessings of civilization which have been denied them hitherto as one of the results of our dog-in-the-manger policy. In a word, we must face squarely the responsibilities which logically follow our adherence to the Monroe Doctrine in the form in which it has been put by recent presidents. Mr. Palmer has done a distinct service to the cause of Pan-American peace by enabling his fellow-citizens to see this side of the question more clearly. His book deserves to be widely read.

The Life of Mary Lyon. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

One catches in this enthusiastic book bare glimpses of an ardent personality, a teacher of apostolic hopefulness and energy, a prophet of sound and practical education for her sex. Yet somehow the individuality only half defines itself. There is nothing in her letters and very little in the notes that rapturous students took of her Mount Holyoke talks to explain the spell that Mary Lyon cast upon her contemporaries. This deficiency cannot be laid wholly at the biograph-

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er's door. It is more or less in the nature of the case. Mary Lyon belonged to that class of artists who deal immediately with mankind as their material. Such artists, unless they evoke a Plato or a Boswell, slip away quickly, are merged in their specific work. In fact, the conditions of such dominant personal influence are not quite those of art. The tactful shifts that a Mary Lyon had to make before a generation skeptical about solid education for women, the deft repetitions implied in persuasion, the genial commonplace of encouragement and exhortation to her girls—all this is refractory material, cold star dust in which the glow refuses to be rekindled.

As far as the facts of her life go, and in recalling the temper of the New England in which she worked, this biography is excellent. The descriptive part is carried off with animation; the author has a sense of the relevant incident. How eloquent are the mere statistics of the first fund for Mount Holyoke Seminary. Largely through the personal appeals of the founder $27,000 was collected from 1,800 people living in ninety-one towns. Certainly, few bagmen of great causes have paid so generously with their persons, and Mary Lyon herself was so exhausted in these solicitations that she reigned only a few years over her Academe. We think that, despite the defective materials, a keener analysis might have done something to make the woman clearer. She was obviously far finer than anything she wrote or said. Her biographer, while adequate on the descriptive side, lapses into rather lifeless technicalities in her brief attempts at interpretation, depends too much upon documents from which the savor has departed and too little on her own insight. We have to do with a singular flowering of the New England temperament, its doggedness ennobled by a great and central cause, its rather ungentle shrewdness become fine worldly wisdom, its narrow and individualistic religion raised to social passion, its "closeness" converted into that administrative prudence that guided a lavish generosity. Out of her little savings Mary Lyon gave and lent recklessly to her seminary, and, when better days came, she devoted a large share of a tiny income to missions and charities. People criticised her public speaking and begging for her cause. She wrote, "My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work. I cannot come down." Such outbursts are rare, but they bring us near the real mood of the smiling advocate of what passed for a dangerous innovation.

With its partly inevitable shortcomings, this book is a valuable one both for the student of woman's education and of New England in its constructive moment. All the facts are well deployed and the stage is well set. If the heroine's voice only rarely carries across the footlights, that may be small fault of the stage management. Those who talk themselves out fully to their contemporaries seldom possess cadences adjusted to the more difficult ear of posterity.

Sumerian Administrative Documents from the Second Dynasty of Ur. By David W. Myhrman, Ph.D. 146 pp. and 72 plates. Philadelphia: Department of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania. $6.

The 171 tablets and fragments in this volume represent part of the material obtained from the first three expeditions sent out to Nippur by the University of Pennsylvania. The excavations were conducted by Dr. J. P. Peters and J. H. Haynes, with the result of enriching the collections of the university with thousands of tablets coming from various periods and representing chiefly business documents. Dr. Myhrman is to be commended for the admirable copies that he has furnished of these difficult texts. He has avoided the mistake made by some copyists of following too closely the shadings and peculiarities of the scribes, and thus merely increasing the labor of those who are to study the copies.

We cannot agree with Dr. Myhrman in his use of the phrase, "Second Dynasty" of Ur, and he fails in his introduction to justify his view that there were two such dynasties. Not so many years ago Assyriologists supposed that there were three, or even four, Ur dynasties, but the general consensus now holds that there was only one. Dr. Myhrman is inclined to place the five rulers of Ur, who constitute what he calls the "Second Dynasty," from 2408 B. C. to 2291 B. C. In this respect he differs from Prof. Eduard Meyer and others, who place the beginning of the Ur Dynasty about a century later. It all depends upon the question whether the so-called First Dynasty of Babylon was immediately followed by the Kassites or not. Dr. Myhrman thinks that there must have been a considerable interval between the two; but satisfactory evidence for this is wanting; and until further material of a definite character is forthcoming the problem will have to be kept in abeyance.

The most valuable part of Dr. Myhrman's introduction is in the chapters on the date formulas, and on the names and orders of the months, according to the tablets published by him. He has given a complete list of the dates attached to the documents, which are entered according to events in the careers of the reigning kings. The custom of dating according to the years of rulers was not introduced into Babylonia until the days of the Kassites. Supplementing the material furnished by his text from that to be found in other publications, we have now a complete series, with the exception of sixteen years in the rule of the first member of the dynasty, and ten years in the rule of the second member. In his chapter on the names and orders of the months he has shown that during the Ur Dynasty no less than four different series of Sumerian names were used. From other sources we know that each month had even a larger number of names than four, and there is a problem connected with this rather bewildering state of affairs that remains to be solved. An advance towards its solution has been made by Dr. Kugler in the second volume of his great work on Babylonian astronomy, which unfortunately came out too late to enable Dr. Myhrman to discuss the points in which he differs with Dr. Kugler. There appears to be even some question as to the order of the months, though it is doubtful whether Dr. Myhrman is justified in raising the question whether one order was used at Ur and another at Nippur. The names, or rather the various series of names, being the same, the presumption is in favor of a uniform calendar at this period throughout the Euphrates Valley. There was apparently, however, a shifting in the order of the months, for a designation that appears in one series as the seventh month appears in another as the eighth. The question is a most important one, and deserves a fuller treatment than Dr. Myhrman was able to accord it in his summary introduction.

The Works of James Buchanan. Collected and edited by J. B. Moore. Vols. IX, X, XI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

With the eleventh volume the publication of Buchanan's works is complete, so far as the text is concerned. There remains only an index volume. The last three volumes cover his service as Minister to the Court of St. James, his Presidency, and his retirement. An appendix contains the comparatively small number of letters which had escaped the search of the editor. When in London he was concerned with the occupation of a part of Central America by Great Britain, in contravention, as was supposed, of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and with trade between Canada and the United States. His relations with the Aberdeen Ministry were cordial, and the points at issue were about to be settled, when Aberdeen gave place to Palmerston, and at once Buchanan saw that the probability of coming to an agreement was remote. His voluminous letters to Marcy contain much that is of interest, from court-dress to the war in the Crimea, and mark the real ability of the

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man to deal with the conditions. He went to the Ostend Conference reluctantly, and, although the report was prepared by him, he did not place a high estimate on the value of the performance. All this time he denied that he was seeking or desirous of receiving the nomination to the Presidency. His party called him, and he was elected. It cannot be said that this series of volumes will materially alter the general opinion of Buchanan's character and capabilities.

He was first a politician, and not until he returned to England did he develop a statesmanship which stood him in good stead at the time, but proved to be inadequate when the real test came. The slavery question hampered him time and again, and necessarily narrowed his range of vision as well as of action. He never realized the greatness of the question involved, and could not lay aside his opinion formed in Jackson's day, never seeing that in more than thirty years the problem had become a moral as well as a social question. He believed no one understood his policy as President, and gathered material for a defence of his conduct. But he could not agree with Black, whom he selected to prepare this defence, and so the material came to naught. He lived long enough to see the end of the war, and the first experiments of reconstruction, but he contributed nothing to the history of the times after his retirement. Mr. Moore has been very industrious in gathering his material and skilful in its use. The number of private letters is astonishingly small, and they are not rich in historical material. It is much to have this well-arranged set of papers, for the growth of Buchanan is more readily measured. We wish the editor had not been so sparing of notes, and that he had more often given his experienced view of the course of diplomatic relations coming under Buchanan's direction.

Notes.

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 7.

J. F. Taylor & Co., New York, announce for publication early in August "Ingersoll: A Biographical Appreciation," by Herman E. Kittredge. This volume will be uniform with the Dresden edition of Robert G. Ingersoll's works.

"The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem," by Ralph D. Paine, was credited in our review of June 16 to the Outing Publishing Co. It should have been noted that the books of this house have been taken over by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago.

Sturgis & Walton Co. announce for publication next autumn "The Suffragette," by Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst; "Leopold II, King of the Belgians," by Angelo S. Rappoport; "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," by H. Hesketh-Prichard; and "Famous Impostors," by Bram Stoker.

George H. Doran Company has obtained the exclusive selling agency for the book and calendar publications of the Life Publishing Company.

The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, which has for its object the purchase and care of places of historical or other interest, has just issued the first number of its illustrated bulletin. The society invites applications for membership. Information may be had from W. S. Appleton, No. 20 Beacon Street, Boston.

The Société des Gens de Lettres has awarded the French Bourse Nationale Littéraire, 3,000 francs, to the poet, Maurice Levaillant. Two books of verse, "Le Miroir d'étain" and "Le Temple intérieur," have been published by M. Levaillant, who is a native of Normandy.

"Federal Fish Farming" is the suggestive title of an interesting account of our fish cultural work by Deputy Commissioner Hugh M. Smith in the *National Geographic Magazine* for May. Beginning nearly forty years ago with the investigation of the reported decrease of food fishes in New England waters, the bureau now puts out yearly more than three billion fishes—the perch being the largest number. Among its subsidiary contributions to our national welfare is the discovery of widely prevalent fish cancer, which may be of great and far-reaching consequence because of its bearing on the cause of human cancer, and the improvement of the fishing vessels. By the introduction of a type of craft which combines large carrying capacity and great speed with enhanced safety, the loss of fishing schooners from the port of Gloucester alone has decreased from 82 vessels and 895 men in the ten years ending in 1883 to "only a fourth as many vessels and men" in the ten years ending in 1907. "One of our worst enemies,' the house-fly, is described by N. A. Cobb, with enlarged photographs, and Harriet C. Adams tells of a trip by the recently opened Transandine Railroad from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso. All the articles are illustrated in the admirable manner now characteristic of this magazine.

Hutchins Hapgood shares with Gilbert Chesterton an odd philosophy of commonness, but illustrates it in a fashion at once more vague and less paradoxical. He holds that in mankind brought through poverty or vice near to the limit there inheres a distinction born of complete spontaneity. The lowly (like aristocrats, who are also brought near to the limit by the opportunities of wealth aiding a strong sense of life) are the "real thing." They know how they feel, and say what they mean, are open hearted and unvexed by small scruples. Thus the aristocrat and the tough are akin in being infinitely superior to the bourgeois, who is *par excellence* the unspontaneous man. Already the thesis of the book begins to look familiar. We have the romantic craving for extremes, the romantic scorn for qualified or middling things. But readers generally of Mr. Hapgood's "Types from City Streets" (Funk & Wagnalls) will bother rather little about the thesis. They know that Mr. Hapgood has thoroughly coasted his Bohemia and Alsatia, and that his discoveries are usually interesting, invested with a glamour that looks like that of life, and is perhaps the more attractive because it is nothing of the kind. Such readers will hold high expectations of a book that presents not merely a single thief or a small group of anarchists, but a full hundred of eccentric types. In the eating of the pudding, however, there may be some disappointment. Most of this work is early and sketchy. A great enthusiasm, a fairly religious zeal for the morally unbraced individual, is everywhere apparent; but the types themselves are of a disconcerting sameness. They seem dissolved in the author's admiration of them, so that what one really gets is not a vivid and various picture of the low life of New York, but a continuous revelation of a soul privateering among phantoms which it generously takes to be tall fellows. The reason for a kind of "woolliness" in this book is probably that in these early explorations Mr. Hapgood's eye was less on the object, than on the general gorgeousness of the quest. There may have been a still sorer obstacle to clear vision. Just as the too sympathetic physician may actually induce all manner of symptoms in a sensitive patient, so it seems possible that Mr. Hapgood so captivated his types that they insensibly assumed the colors of his expectations. However that be, the book is of a beguiling enthusiasm, and that reader who should explore the East Side in the hope of seeing it with Mr. Hapgood's eyes would have to blame for a disappointment merely his own lack of critical psychology.

The latest section of the "New English Dictionary," prepared by W. A. Craigie (Clarendon Press), carries the story from *round-nosed* to *ryze*. It is interesting to notice that in the last three sections the language has been almost equally indebted to the Teutonic and to the Romanic tributaries. Among the words of obscure origin, *rowdy* is one of the most piquant. It is of pretty recent coinage, and it is assigned to America. In the first instance, 1819, it was a term for American backwoodsmen—"the hunters, or Illinois Rowdies, as they are called, are rather troublesome." In Queensland, in 1872, one could speak of a "rowdy bullock." In England, in 1862, the term was applied to the brawlers at an election. The leviathan of this gathering is the little word *run*, a rich idiom-maker, which, with all its forms and senses, occupies thirty-seven columns—simple reading for one to the manner born, but appallingly difficult for a foreigner. Fancy, for example, the sorrows of a French schoolboy pondering on the difference between *running up* a road and *running up a bill*; *running for* office or *running for the* office, and *running for* life or a silver cup; *running off* a race and *running off* the track; *running down* a hill and *running down* a pedestrian or a rival; looking *run down* or letting a clock or a house *run down*.

The historic vista which this section opens and the change which has taken place in the ideals of dictionary-makers may perhaps be suggested by saying that it carries the story from *Round Table* to *rubberneck*. Even though the material had been accessible, it would have appeared to the classical Dr. Johnson sheer idleness to wade through mediæval romance, blazing his way to Wace's *Roman de Brut* (1155) to find the first mention of the Arthurian board. To-day a student wishing to investi-

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gate that famous institution may turn to the dictionary for a fairly extensive directory of original sources. Chesterfield, who, though not essentially frivolous, had a keen relish for frivolity, urged Johnson in a periodical of the day to include in his forthcoming dictionary a list of the gay cant words of polite society, including "flirtation," at the birth of which he had himself assisted. But, alas for the earl, the lexicographer, with a thunderbolt in his sleeve, was meditating at that time on the meaning of literary patronage, and was in no mood for the cant of polite society. *Tempora mutantur*—hence the indecorous act, and the atrociously indecorous word for the act, of "rubbernecking," and their record in the treasury of our speech. The reflection that many of us here at this hour assisted at the birth of this ill-featured monster should lead us to set a guard upon our lips. The indiscretions of yesterday become the precedents of to-morrow; the hapless purist must be prepared to hear the schoolboy's irrefragable retort, "It's in the dictionary!"

"An Outdoor Breviary," by M. Jourdain (London: The Academy Press), is one of those rather numerous books about nature in which preciosity of phrase and plentiful literary allusion serve to cover essential thinness and vagueness of feeling. Thus the annual round in England is tricked out with oddments of a somewhat rococo sort, the result being perhaps entrancing to the more sophisticated reader of to-day. A stray figure or two may serve for allurement or warning. Cherry blossoms "shine like the silver veins of a niello"—such réversion from nature to art is characteristic. "The sun, from beneath a blue cloud pours his rayed water-carriers, regular as the pale amber sticks of a delicate fan, upon the heavy-headed elms steeped in a film of blue, and upon the infinite distance built up of wet light and pale cloud-like forms of hill and plain." Here is distinction, of a sort, but the sort is pretty familiar.

To the attractive uniform edition of the works of Vernon Lee, the John Lane Co. has added the volume of essays on social subjects entitled "Althea." Sympathy and frugality on the part of the favored class is the sum of the matter as threshed out by the amiable figureheads who speak the author's thoughts. One or two of them have a certain life of their own. The dialogues are an eloquent plea for a discreet undoctrinal Socialism that implies rather change of heart than overturning of political forms.

From English writings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Rev. W. W. Skeat has collected 302 proverbs. These are illustrated by parallels from English and other literatures, so that the total mass of proverbs is large and instructive. Professor Skeat remarks the scarcity of such "bywords" in Anglo-Saxon literature. This is due surely only to the fact that we have almost nothing of a truly popular sort transmitted from this period. The proverbs must have existed, they merely did not get written down. Recent criticism has suggested that such thirteenth century documents as the "Ancren Riwle" and much of the material in Morris's "Old English Homilies" are really transcripts of originals neary two centuries older. If so, a certain amount of the proverbial stuff in this book should be credited to Anglo-Saxon times. But Professor Skeat is silent as to these redatings. Chaucer is naturally the chief source of proverbial wisdom, providing more than a third of the whole. His sapient Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida" is full of sententious examples, but the fair Cressida herself is skilful in glozing her own frailty by these moral commonplaces. Civilizations are pictured in proverbs. We say to-day, "Don't crack a hazelnut with a triphammer." The fourteenth century equivalent of this maxim is "Don't start a falcon at a fly" (No. 102). This learned little book, which is called "Early English Proverbs" (Henry Frowde), represents the recreations of a great scholar. It will not fail to interest readers of antiquarian bent.

In one of the last letters Grover Cleveland ever wrote he expressed the belief that the man to lead the Democratic party back to its old creed and its old policies was John A. Johnson, thrice elected as a Democrat Governor of Republican Minnesota. When Gov. Johnson died last autumn Theodore Roosevelt wrote from Central Africa to Mrs. Johnson that her husband's death was a "loss to good citizenship," and characterized him as "one of those Americans who we like to believe are typical of our people as a whole." Few Americans in public view in the past decade have so strikingly illustrated the opportunities of American life as Gov. Johnson. The story of his career is interestingly told by Frank A. Day and Theodore M. Knappen, two of his close associates, in their "Life of John Albert Johnson" (Forbes & Co.). The book, as the authors explain, is not intended to be a critical biography. Their hope is "to extend as widely and as soon as possible the influence that Gov. Johnson would have continued to exert in person had he lived." As far as any memorial biography can accomplish such an end, this will probably accomplish it. It is too early to measure the man's influence or determine his place in the history of the nation, but the sympathetic picture here presented by those who knew and loved him is well worth preserving. That this son of poor immigrant parents, who was born in a frontier State in one of the civil-war years, and spent almost his entire life as the editor of a little country newspaper, should in so brief a time have overcome both political and social obstacles and stood forth as a Presidential possibility, is reason enough to make the story of his life worth telling.

Prof. J. H. Wigmore, not content with the contribution made in his elaborate "Treatise on the System of Evidence," has now rendered the trial lawyer a further service by compressing into a compact code the essential rules of the subject ("A Pocket Code of the Rules of Evidence in Trials at Law"; Little Brown & Co.). In this handbook of 485 pages of text (and 80 pages of index) the law of evidence is stated in the form of some 230 leading propositions, with their various qualifications running into more than 2,000 sections, with no citation of authorities but with a multitude of cross references and of citations to the corresponding discussions in the "Treatise." We can agree that the usefulness of Stephen's "Digest" has been "barred by limitation," and may add that, even if such were not the case, its usefulness will lessen appreciably with the appearance of this code. The make-up of any such book is an important matter. There is here the ordinary device of blank alternate pages, and a system of brackets gives real guidance to the fast worker. The recognized rules of evidence are stated in ordinary form. Those rules, or modifications, which prevail in some, but not all, jurisdictions, are placed within single brackets, while propositions which are nowhere recognized as law, but should be, are within double brackets. The curved brace is used to identify a rule which "is the law in every jurisdiction, but ought not to be law"; only two instances of this last notation are found, although its place seems sometimes to be taken by a footnote (§§ 710, 712). Where the single bracket is used, in addition to the citation to the discussion in the "Treatise," a foot-note often indicates the jurisdiction of dissent. The bracket may enclose only one word, often "not," in a rule, but it at once puts one on inquiry. That a careful use of this code will guard the prudent trial lawyer against proceeding on a chance is shown by the fact that the single bracket appears in more than 500 instances. In some cases, the single bracket seems wrongly superseded by the double, as in the proposition (§16) that the "judge may express to the jury, after the close of evidence and argument, his personal opinion as to the credibility or weight of the evidence or any part thereof," the foot-note adding: "This is not the law to-day in any jurisdiction, except in New Jersey and in the Federal courts. But it ought to be." Professor Wigmore files a claim on his quarter-section of legal authorship by the notice that he proposes to bring out a series of the code with special annotations suitable for each of the jurisdictions "having voluminous authorities." It is to be hoped that the New York edition will be widely used. His preface points out truly, with unpleasant candor, that "an accurate familiarity with the local rules of evidence is to-day lamentably lacking among practitioners who try cases (most notably in metropolitan courts)."

In the *Nation* of February 17 reference was made to the approaching completion of the Weimar edition of Goethe. Since that date two of the promised volumes have appeared, the final volume of the "Gedichte" (V^2) and volume XLIX of the "Briefe." The volume of the poems, edited by Julius Wahle, is composed for the most part of the critical apparatus, with some necessary commentary, to volumes IV and VI. It includes also the corrections and additions essential to offset the errors and oversights arising out of and revealed by the change of editors, Loeper having died in 1891 and Redlich in 1900, with the difficult editorial task still far from completed. Under the head of "Nachträge" there is given but one poem by Goethe, viz., "Das Tagebuch," which doubtless would not have been included in this edition at all, if it had not already appeared elsewhere. Goethe probably intended that it should never be published, because, as he said, "the world is accustomed to call such things immoral." His own manuscript was sealed up some years ago, never to be opened, not even for this edition. But Hirzel published his unauthorized copy of it privately, in 1861, for a small circle of Goethe admirers, and one

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or more of the copies passed into strange hands, to be seized upon by unscrupulous publishers as an irresistible lure for the pathological public. The poem was later included in some of the editions of Goethe. Among the "Paralipomena" are a considerable number of interesting scraps from the poet's workshop, which Wahle endeavors, with rare knowledge and insight, to bring into their proper connection. The alphabetical index of first lines includes not only the poems of the first six volumes, but also all the lyrics scattered throughout the many volumes of the edition, except those to be found in the dramas. Why the latter should have been omitted, we are not told. The index is the work of Hans Gerhard Gräf, and will be of great service to all who use the edition, especially as convenience for reference was not the fundamental purpose of the arrangement of the early volumes. The Weimar edition being the only complete one and the only one that attempts to give full information as to manuscripts, first publication, and variant readings, scholars are now for the first time in possession of all the critical material bearing on the poems. The volume of the letters, edited by Max Hecker, covers the period from July, 1831, to the poet's death in March, 1832. It contains 194 letters, of which 65 are here published for the first time in their entirety, though extracts from some of them have previously appeared in other publications. The last letter of the series is the important and oft-quoted one of the 17th of March, 1832, to Wilhelm von Humboldt. Goethe died five days later. By a peculiar slip of the pen, or oversight in proof-reading, Hecker gives the date of his death as the 9th of March (p. 287), perhaps a confusion of the 9th of May, the date of Schiller's death (in 1805), with the 22d of March.

George A. Hubbell has given us the most satisfactory biography of Horace Mann that has been written, under the title "Horace Mann: Educator, Patriot and Reformer" (Philadelphia: Wm. F. Fell Co.). When the author was teaching a village school in Ohio, a copy of the inaugural address of Horace Mann as president of Antioch College fell into his hands and greatly moved him. Later as a student and as a professor at Antioch he studied and was greatly influenced by the life work of this our greatest educational reformer. He has spent six years in the preparation of the biography and a large amount of material has been placed at his disposal by the family and friends of Mr. Mann. The book is affectionately appreciative. It seems almost as though it were written by one who had known Horace Mann and loved him. And yet it is not unmindful of his faults. Not only his career as a reformer in the Massachusetts Legislature and in Congress, and those years of struggle in which he did the greatest work for American education that has ever been done, but those more peaceful final years at Antioch are adequately portrayed. We see here a fascinating personality and a great and devoted leader. The story is told in a style simple and direct.

The value of such a manual as "L'Age d'Or de la littérature française," by Louise Delpit (Heath), is questionable. American students are likely still to turn, if they read French, to Lanson or Pellissier, to which this book adds little. A manual in English, based upon such substantial works, would probably have a better chance.

In "Education for Efficiency" (Heath & Co.) Prof E. Davenport of the University of Illinois makes a vigorous and convincing argument for such changes in our schools, and especially in the high schools, as shall make them serve all the people in their needs for everyday life. He thinks that through vocational studies in the already established institutions, and not through separate trade schools, our youth should obtain that education for efficiency and service which is more and more demanded. He would give one-fourth of the time of the high-school pupil to this vocational work. Professor Davenport writes from the agricultural standpoint and points out very clearly and definitely how vocational work in agriculture can be made a part of the course of schools which draw their pupils wholly or in part from the country. We wish that he or some one else would indicate how vocational training for every one can be given in a city high school, which draws its pupils not from a single occupation like farming, but from a multitude of occupations.

"L'Invention et la composition dans l'œuvre de Rabelais" (H. Champion, 400 pages, 8 francs), by Jean Plattard, *docteur ès lettres*, has a triple interest—in history, in university matters, and in language and literature. In successive chapters it deals with the relations of Rabelais's work to the romance literature of his time; of *moinage* and the Respublica Scholastica; law studies and legists; medical science; humanism; popular wit; and the general characters of Rabelais's style.

"Les Civilisations de l'Afrique du Nord" (Armand Colin, 400 pages, 4 maps, 4 francs), by Victor Piquet, treats with succinct erudition of the past history of what is now a French sphere of influence—Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. Except for Tripoli, this answers to the former Barbary States. The present volume has to do with Berbers—the primitive, and still the most numerous race—conquering Arabs and Turks, and notes by the way such adventitious elements as Phœnicians of Carthage, Romans and Byzantines, and Spaniards. It stops short of present French "Berberie," to which a future volume is to be given.

Ludwig Rapp, the historian, died recently at Innsbruck, at the age of eighty-two. Among his works, which deal chiefly with Tyrolese history, are "Königin Magdalena von Oesterreich," "Hexenprozesse in Tirol," and "Eine Jakobiner Verschwörung in Tirol."

Science.

Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish, early in July, "Common Weeds of the Farm and Garden," by Harold C. Long.

At the meeting of the board of trustees of Cornell University on commencement day, June 23, Burt G. Wilder, the last active member of the original faculty, having resigned after a service of forty-two years, was made emeritus professor of neurology and vertebrate zoölogy.

The "History of Gardening in England," by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil (Dutton), has now, after a lapse of fifteen years, appeared in a third edition, enlarged and revised. It is an interesting book, appropriately illustrated, and made with the unusual combination of industry and taste. Its multitudes of facts are almost bewildering, but the general impression is curiously the same as that made by Curtler's "Short History of English Agriculture," lately reviewed in these columns. For centuries after the period of stability under the Romans, agriculture and gardening in England flourished in peace, languished in domestic war. There were, for the simple home folk, dreadful periods in the dark ages, when neither prosperity nor glimpses of beauty could be counted on, sometimes for generations together. Taste was not known; gardening was scarcely undertaken outside of monastery walls. But when these walls were thrown down by Henry VIII we mark the commencement of England's internal prosperity, which, except at two epochs under the Stuarts, has continued till this day. Then first began the general home-gardening, which meant comfort to the householder; next followed the development of styles.

To Americans the glimpses into English gardening are interesting, chiefly for the thoroughness with which changes in taste were accepted by the nation, and the great scale on which improvements were made. Enormous gardens made for fêtes to visiting ambassadors were but temporary; large undertakings at noblemen's country seats seldom lasted longer than from father to son. It is only the gardens of the eighteenth century, and very few of those, which have lasted till our day. When we read of the five-hundred acre garden at Stow, we marvel. If an imitator's garden of but twenty-eight acres cost, with its walks, ponds, fountains, and bridges, its statues, temples, and columns, the greater part of the great fortune of its owner's wife, what must have been the outlay on the larger place? Every change of style produced similar expenditures throughout the kingdom. And the changes were wide. When the excesses of the Dutch style, with its formal designs and sheared trees, brought about the imitation of landscape (it was Kent, says Walpole, who "leaped the fence, and saw that all Nature was a garden"), the extreme of fashion was as great. "Capability" Brown made the final developments of a style according to which an avenue of trees was a blemish, and a flower visible from the house a painful discrepancy. It is interesting to find that in the changes from these two excesses of taste an influence was exerted by men of letters, in the first case Addison and Pope, in the latter, Scott. The landscape style was eventually followed by the bedding system, by which for three months the garden flared with the brilliant hues of hothouse plants, and for the remaining nine was a withered waste. William Robinson, late in the nineteenth century, brought about the beginning of the change to the old hardy plants which now, in a combination of wildness and formality, procure for English gardens (alas, not for ours!) flowers for every month. This is made possible, of course, partly by climate, partly by the wonderful plant discoveries of the nineteenth century. Innumerable new varieties, and even species, were found,

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nported, and propagated, so that now, ith bulbs and shrubs, and new hardy an- uals and perennials, the English garden at a far remove from the monastery *erbarium.* When we read the list of lants recently discovered, but not yet ropagated in England, we realize the rther possibilities of the English garden -and of our own.

"Mosquito or Man" (Dutton) is the title f a handsome and attractive book by Sir tubert W. Boyce, a professor of the Uni- ersity of Liverpool, who has extended per- onal knowledge of his subject and writes harmingly about it. As indicated by a econdary title, the author's purpose is to how the relation of the mosquito to the iseases of man, and to make clear what nay be done to exterminate the mosquito or limit its harmfulness to man in tropical countries. The point of view is that of the British schools of tropical medicine, and the problems considered are those of British residents in the tropics, but the writer is thoroughly and appreciatively familiar with the important work done by Americans, more especially that in Cuba and at New Orleans. Less attention is paid to the problem as it presents itself in the temperate z nes, but here the solution is essentially the same. The practical work in other countries is briefly treated. These qualifications do not impair the value of the book, which is one of the best for the general reader, well calculated to give him a clear idea of what man may do for his own protection. In a few short final chapters some other diseases due to insects, or other causes controllable by hygienic measures, are considered most suggestively, but almost too briefly. Boyce calls particular attention to the fly, the common house fly (*Musca domestica*), proposing to name it in general the "septic fly." Howard's name, the "typhoid fly," he holds to be unsatisfactory in its apparent limitation of the vast variety of harm done by this animal, which is the disgrace as well as the pest of domestic economy. The thoughtful reader will quickly perceive that when the community really recognizes what the fly can do there will begin a campaign far more remarkable than that against the mosquito, wonderful as that has been. The book has many interesting illustrations, exceptionally well reproduced.

Although not so stated, either on the title page or in the preface, the "popular" edition of Prof. Elie Metchnikoff's "Prolongation of Life" (Putnam), translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell, is a reprint of the edition published in 1908. There is therefore nothing new in it except the introduction by Prof. Charles S. Minot of the Harvard Medical School. Professor Minot says that Metchnikoff's greatest contributions to science are his two volumes, "Lessons on the Comparative Pathology of Inflammation," published in 1892, and his "L'Immunité," which appeared in 1901. Professor Metchnikoff's discovery that the white blood cells (leucocytes) are the scavengers of the body has exerted a tremendous influence in promoting experimentation with sera and anti-toxins. This discovery alone should be sufficient to award him a lasting place in the history of medical experimentation. The optimism of Professor Metchnikoff is evident in all his work, and as Professor Minot puts it, "One feels that here is a man to whom hope is a habit of mind." For more than forty years (he is now sixty-five) Metchnikoff's great gifts have been employed in the cause of science, and, unlike some of his less fortunate predecessors and colleagues, he has seen these gifts bear rich fruit in the service of mankind.

Drama and Music.

A Garland to Sylvia. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This is an early work begun originally in 1897, when Mr. MacKaye was a senior in Harvard, and completed in 1899, when he was a student in Italy. He now publishes it with an explanatory preface, or rather two prefaces—his present introduction including one written at a much earlier period—and after some editing, the extent of which is not indicated. On the title page, it is called a dramatic reverie, which is, perhaps, as good a definition as any other. Its dramatic value is nil and its purport vain, but regarded as a poetic fantasy, born of youthful speculation in unfathomable metaphysical and psychological mysteries, it is fanciful and interesting. Briefly it is a tale of a Harvard undergraduate of mystical tendencies, who has chosen for the heroine of his first play the subject of Shakespeare's famous song, "Who is Sylvia?" He pictures her as a daughter of Pan, the spiritual essence of all loveliness in Nature, and having embodied her in his poetic vision, falls in love with his own creation and has moments of illusion when he can see her and speak with her. In the play she is the object of general adoration, but can be won only by that suitor who shall be able to divine her secret, which is that, although apparently mortal, she is actually a spirit. The riddle is solved only by the villain, Sandrac, a dealer in magic; and the problem is how she may be saved from him, without the violation of dramatic truth, which to the poet lover is sacred. Finally, in despair, after a hint from the apparition of Sylvia herself, the author, as a last resource, burns his manuscript.

Then in a vision—the reverie is a play within a play—he sees his plot enacted, and discovers that the fanciful creatures whom he has willed into existence have become persistent entities in the realm which they inhabit, and that he no longer has the power to divert them from their destined course. They are the living beings while he is a futile ghost. Then he is compelled to stand by in impotence and see his adored Sylvia delivered into the power of the hated Sandrac. In the end, however, Sylvia teaches him how even dreams must perish in the waters of oblivion, and Sandrac and his mates having been beguiled into drinking of Lethe's stream, the lovers are happily united and the curtain falls.

Such a scheme could not be worked out with any great semblance of logical coherence, even on the theory of which the young poet seems to have been enamoured—that men are as insubstantial unrealities as the fancies begotten of them. Inconsistencies in the workmanship weaken its effect, either as fairy tale or allegory. But underlying it all is a pregnant suggestion of the persistency of the uttered thought and of the incalculable influence of the personality of the dramatist, not only upon the inventions of his fancy, but upon the actors who interpret them and the individual minds of the spectators. The idea of the play originated, Mr. MacKaye says, in some such considerations as these, which, of course, are not entirely new. But in his more mature preface, Mr. MacKaye is careful to disavow present responsibility for either the philosophy or the fallacies of this juvenile product, which, however, is well worthy the dignity of print. With all its occasional crudity, imitativeness and temerity, it is often amazingly clever and contains much charming poetry. Many of the conceptions of nature are particularly striking.

Daniel Sully, the actor, died on Saturday at Woodstock, N. Y., at the age of fifty-five. After some years' experience in music halls he wrote, in 1884, "The Corner Grocery," playing the leading part in this for five years. He produced several other pieces, and, in 1889, "The Parish Priest." In this and in a number of subsequent productions he always appeared in the rôle of a priest. He was well known throughout the United States. He retired in 1907.

A monograph upon the life and work of the late Edward MacDowell, by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry Page, is announced for immediate publication by the Dodge Publishing Co., New York. This house will also publish, in September, a work on costumes, covering nineteen centuries, by Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown.

The revival of the "Mikado" in New York has been rewarded with crowded houses, and its run has been extended two weeks. The theatrical managers should be laying the moral to heart. They are constantly telling us that the public gets what it deserves; they say they would be glad enough to put on good things, but good things never pay. Their mistake is plain to be seen. Finding that many good things—things that the inner circles rave about—have no attraction for the mass of men, they conclude that it is their goodness that works their undoing. But this is not in the least true. To be sure, there are many out-of-the-way things that are excellent of their kind, and yet do not win large popularity. But that is not because they are good, but because they are of a certain kind. As Chesterton says, "the public does not like good introspective sonnets, but neither does it like bad introspective sonnets." Similarly, the public may choose bad comic opera rather than good grand

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opera, but it had still rather, any day, have good comic opera. Certainly, there is a very large public that has been craving the Gilbert and Sullivan repast—many have been craving it without even knowing of its existence. And their hunger is not sated. Besides, the "Mikado," with all its abounding fun, is a good deal less delightful than "Pinafore," and a good deal less clever than "Patience." Surely, the much-abused public has proved that it deserves to be subjected to these tests, too!

There is great satisfaction in England over the appointment of Henry J. Wood as conductor of the Birmingham Festival in succession to Hans Richter. Owing to the glamour which still attaches to the foreigner, where the British musical public is concerned, it was feared that English conductors would be overlooked.

In Germany alone there are 373 composers who belong to a society formed six years ago for the purpose, chiefly, of collecting fees for performing rights. Such fees were gathered in 1909 to the amount of $62,500, an increase of $15,000 above the receipts of the previous year. No less than 80 per cent. of the sum collected went to the composers, librettists, and publishers, who are included in the society to the number of seventy-six. The number of librettists is not given. Since 1904, the society has collected altogether $220,000. Among the members are Richard Strauss, Engelbert, Humperdinck, and Georg Schumann. A similar organization has been founded in England.

It is reported from Dresden that Richard Strauss's next opera, "Cavaliers of the Rose," will be produced for the first time there early in December. The libretto is by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and the subtitle for the opera is a "comedy for music." The plot is the hackneyed one—a young *elegant*, entrusted with a proposal of marriage on behalf of an elderly, rich suitor, falling in love with the lady, and having his love returned. The scene is laid in the middle of the eighteenth century, in Vienna, at the time of Maria Theresa.

The story of Mascagni's new opera, "Ysobel," which is to be produced for the first time in any country in America next autumn by the newly organized Bessie Abbott Opera Company, is taken from the legend of Lady Godiva, the oldest known version of which dates back to the thirteenth century, but which is most familiar through Tennyson's poem. The action is set in the town of Coventry, in the eleventh century. Luigi Illica, the librettist, who also wrote the libretti of "Tosca" and several other standard operas, has departed from the original legend in many instances. It is "Ysobel," the daughter of the Earl of Chester, who makes the famous ride to save her townfolk. To protect her during her act of sacrifice, an edict is issued condemning any to the loss of eyesight who do not remain behind closed doors, while Ysobel makes her ride. The hero of the opera, a young huntsman who has worshipped Lady Ysobel from afar, takes advantage of the only chance to bring himself to her notice by defying the edict. He remains on a balcony and pelts her with flowers as she passes. Here begins the love story around which the opera is built. A descriptive intermezzo will depict the ride. Signor Mascagni will himself conduct each performance of the new opera.

Art.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Since the New Art Museum at Boston has been opened barely six months, this book has a topical character unusual in its class. At times it betrays the haste of its preparation, but in general it gives about the technical, historical, and biographical information that a visitor will wish. It is more discursive than most of the series to which it belongs, and, in a way, less business-like. It is readable without much sense of proportion. For example, the Wedgwood potteries are quite preposterously overwritten, while Chinese porcelains are treated quite inadequately. The work is planned for the longitude of Boston, which, since there will be its best reading, should perhaps not be counted a defect. For anybody but a Bostonian the story of the disputable Velasquez, and the famous referendum to a lot of more or less competent artists is unduly amplified. It would be enough to say that this was a transitional work, presumably genuine, but of rather slight artistic importance.

The matter of this book, barring exceptions which will be noted later, is much more satisfactory than its manner, which is, in a word, the New England amateur literary style. It is a diction as marked and worthy of investigation as, say, African Latinity. The cardinal maxims seem to be, When you have nothing to say, say it pretentiously, and when you have very little, say it repetitiously. A fair example is the phrase in which the author praises the installation of the Far Eastern department. "Not until such a museum as this is seen, may a visitor fully understand the message of Japanese art as displayed in this way." Here is merely an extreme case of a frequent defect.

In spite of these drawbacks, the book contains a considerable amount of relevant illustrative material, and with a little overhauling can be made very useful. A few suggestions are offered for a second edition. David Cox and D. Roberts are apparently taken to be American artists, and furthermore no mention is made of Cox's importance as a technician. The Museum's remarkable collection of drawings by William Blake is not properly emphasized. Hokusai's Thirty-six Views of Fuji, the large colored series, is erroneously described as a first stage towards the unduly famous Hundred Views in monochrone and small dimensions. On page 209 Dürer receives credit for a woodcut, Death in the Belfry, which must be Rethel's well-known composition. On page 116 a rug is dated 1640, but the corresponding illustration reads "sixteenth century." Spagnoletto, page 63, is a very ugly misprint for Lo Spagna. A number of the f eign names have been distorted in types. Mezzotint engraving might h been treated more at length, but tow the merely charming in art our auth is inexorable. Of Boucher's tapestry signs she says that they are "lacking dignity as the type of a noble art." Th is uncontrovertible, and she proceed "It would be as justifiable to treat t mane of the British lion with Mar waves as to cover these textile mon ments of human industry with the fluttering idiocies." At this point it a pears unmistakably that Boston disa proves of Trianon: "It was all part a parcel of the smirking sentimental fol of that France which could not hear i own death-knell ringing in the groans the oppressed who were compelled suffer that the court might scintillate We agree that these were feckless fol but are as glad, from the point of vie of art, that instead of pursuing the me ancholy duty of listening for the death-knell, which our author retr spectively advises, they thoughtlessl employed such artists as Watteau Boucher, and Fragonard.

Feeling that it is a mistake to try to se all the pictures of the chief Europea galleries in a single season, Mrs. Lorind Munson Bryant has prepared a book calle "What Pictures to See in Europe in a Sin gle Summer" (John Lane Co.). Her coun sel of moderation and selection is pretty well vitiated by her lack of knowledge taste, or confidence in the teachableness of her readers. They are sent out of Italy without having seen anything of Giotto but the Dante portrait still falsely ascribed to him in the Bargello. They quit the Berlin Museum without seeing the Van Eycks or the Holbeins that are its glory. In the Louvre the book makes no mention of Watteau. For the author no working distinction between various Ghirlandaios and Vivarinis exists. The comment throughout is thoroughly philistine and poor in expression. On the other hand, it may for that reason be better adjusted than a better guide could be to the capacity of those whom it addresses.

Charles A. Lasar, in "Practical Hints for Art Students" (Duffield), sets forth in brief maxims, which are frequently repeated, the law and gospel of the modern neo-Impressionistic method of landscape painting. Purple is the great harmonizer. Blue —shades of Sir Joshua!—is an advancing color; red a retreating one. Of course this is only true when painting is a purple feat. Perugino's distances, perhaps the loveliest and remotest we have, are in blue untempered by warmer color. But then the artless Umbrian laid in his foregrounds in the despised browns and went back through cool grays. We fear that to take Mr. Lasar's color hints literally would result in a generation painting uniformly like Mr. Redfield. Still the maxims are wholesome as to simplicity, elimination, and concentration of effect. The initial chapter on linear design and the expression of the figures, though eccentric in phrase, should be useful. It hammers into

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the beginner the truth that composition is not merely an arrangement of the obvious lines, but of their projections in space. A few quotations will suggest the temper of this little manual:

> Civilize everything except the eye.
> Never economize knowledge, but economize labor.
> Every scene has a principal sensation, multiply this sensation until the spectator can get at it quickly.

This book is calculated to make the beginner think. Its defect is a too narrow contemporaneousness. The student should add to Mr. Lasar's maxims the old prosaic one—"There are many ways."

The Société des Artistes Français has announced the award of four prizes, as follows: The Prix Rosa Bonheur to Louis Désiré Lucas, for his Femme à la Quenouille; the Prix Marie Bashkirtseff, to Léon Cassel, for his Sortie du Salut: Béguinage de Bruges (exhibited in this year's Salon); the Prix Balin-Dolet to F. L. Duluard, for his original etching, Le Triomphe de Mardochée, and the Prix Raigecourt Guyon to C. L. E. Signoret for his two pictures which he showed in the Salon.

Finance.

BALANCE OF TRADE.

The persistent hold of the mercantilist idea of the balance of trade on the general mind was never more strikingly illustrated than in the place given to it in the late Secretary Hay's splendid eulogy of President McKinley. That portion of his speech which dealt with the economic advancement of the country under McKinley's Administration reached its climax in the following passage, relating to the extraordinary increase in the balance of trade—the excess of our merchandise exports over our merchandise imports:

> But, coming to the development of our trade in the four McKinley years, we seem to be entering the realm of fable. In the last fiscal year our excess of exports over imports was $644,592,826. In the last four years it was $2,354,442,213. These figures are so stupendous that they mean little to a careless reader—but consider! The excess of exports over imports for the whole preceding period from 1790 to 1897—from Washington to McKinley—was only $356,808,822.
>
> The most extravagant promises made by the sanguine McKinley advocates five years ago are left out of sight by these sober facts. The "debtor nation" has become the chief creditor nation. The financial centre of the world, which required thousands of years to journey from the Euphrates to the Thames and the Seine, seems passing to the Hudson, between daybreak and dark.

Coming from a man of Mr. Hay's broad culture and fine intellect, and upon so high an occasion, this bears singular testimony to the dominion exercised over men's habitual thought by the old notion that to sell more to foreigners than you buy from them is the great desideratum, the potent cause of prosperity, the sure sign of commercial and financial dominion.

To those who acclaimed in this way the balance-of-trade figures of the McKinley years—figures which, indeed, were highly remarkable and noteworthy—the showing of the fiscal year now drawing to a close ought to be extremely depressing. The excess of our exports above our imports during the eleven months ending with May is only $179,000,000, and the final figure for the fiscal year will not exceed $200,000,000. To find as small a "favorable" balance as this in the past, we have to go back fourteen years. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, the excess of exports was $286,000,000, and it has been above $400,000,000 in every fiscal year since that time, with the single exception of the year ending June 30, 1909. For each of the four full fiscal years of McKinley's Presidency, the balance was well above $500,000,000; the average annual balance for those years was nearly $600,000,000. On the other hand, for the four years 1907-10, the average will be but a trifle above $400,000,000, a falling off of thirty per cent. as compared with the four McKinley years, in spite of the vastly increased scale of business and the world-wide rise of prices. In 1909, we came down to $351,000,000; and this year, as already stated, we shall have to record the melancholy figure of a paltry $200,000,000. In two of Cleveland's years we did better than that—$237,000,000 and $286,000,000 in the years ending June 30, 1894, and June 30, 1897, respectively.

But the worst remains to be told; for these results are only what we get on the face of the figures, and a mere glance at what is behind them suffices to show that the precious balance has suffered much more than appears on the surface. Even the most devoted believer in the saving grace of a "favorable" balance of trade does not hold that its blessings arise from the mere existence of the figures in a statistical report; the beneficent fact to him is that we have actually sold to foreigners so much more than we have bought from them. Well, we all know that to get at this surplus we have to make heavy deductions from the figures of excess of exports above imports. The two most important deductions are the amounts we pay out for transportation by foreign carriers, and the amounts expended by American travellers abroad. Neither of these big items enters into the government tables giving excess of merchandise exports over merchandise imports. It has long been customary to reckon these two items together at more than $200,000,000. But whatever they were in the past, it is evident that both of them are greatly increased now. The habit of European travel has been growing rapidly and steadily, year by year; the amount spent by Americans abroad has been increasing by leaps and bounds. And as for freight charges, since the total volume of our foreign trade has increased enormously, it is certain that we have had to pay decidedly more to foreign carriers than in former years. It is highly probable that, if these two items of expenditure were duly taken into account, and allowance also made for undervaluations, our balance of trade this year would be found a pretty heavy "adverse" one, instead of being a "favorable" balance of $200,000,000; and in any case, so far as a comparison with the McKinley years is concerned, the falling off in the balance is much greater than that shown by the statistical figures, heavy as this is.

Now, from the point of view of the financial expert the ups and downs of the merchandise balance are sometimes highly important elements in the casting of the business horoscope; but they are but one factor in a complex whole, and their significance, such as it is, varies with varying circumstances. A sudden increase in the "favorable" balance, for instance, may mean that we are buying back our own securities, or that we are making investments abroad; but that does not necessarily mean that we are doing better, or saving more, than we should be if we utilized all our capital in enterprises at home and even invited fresh foreign capital for investment. Again, if we kept on having enormous "favorable" balances, and made vast investments abroad, a time would come at last when the annual returns on those investments would be so great as to do more than balance the new investments made each year, and thus, while still increasing our holdings abroad, we should be having, year after year, large "adverse" balances; this has long been the condition of England. In fact, a nation's economic status can no more be inferred from the mere figures of its balance of trade than the condition of a corporation can be told by merely ascertaining the amount of its receipts and its expenditures, without inquiring how much of those expenditures were for running expenses, and how much for permanent betterments.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

About the Farm. Boston: J. R. Whipple Co., Young's Hotel.

A. H. W. (Canada). He Restoreth My Soul. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Albee, H. R. Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens. Holt. $1.60 net.

Apcar, D. A. Betrayed Armenia. Yokohama: Japan Gazette Press.

Aristophanes' Knights. Greek text revised, translated, etc., by B. B. Rogers. Macmillan. $3.50 net.

Beard, C. A. American Government and Politics. Macmillan. $2.10 net.

Beers, H. A. The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. Enlarged ed. Holt. $1.20 net.

Björklund, G. J. Death and Resurrection. Trans. by J. E. Fries. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.

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Crary, L. E. A Text-Book of Field Zoölogy. Phila.: Blakiston. $1.25 net.
Dawbarn, C. Y. C. The Social Contract. Longmans.
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Earle, J. The Deeds of Beowulf. Done into modern prose by John Earle. Frowde.
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Garner, J. W. Introduction to Political Science. American Book Co.
Gospel, According to Saint Luke. With introduction and notes by A. S. Walpole. Frowde. 40 cents.
Grillparzer's König Ottokars Glück und Ende. Edited, with notes, by C. E. Eggert. Holt. 60 cents.
Gulick, S. L. and E. L. Growth of the Kingdom of God. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Hazen, C. D. Europe Since 1815. Holt. $3.
Heredia, J.-M. de. Les Trophés. Trans. by H. Johnson. Brunswick, Me.: F. W. Chandler & Son.
Hinchman, A. Poems. Cambridge: Riverside Press.
Hudson, H. B. Dictionary of Minneapolis and Vicinity. Minneapolis: Hudson Pub. Co. 25 cents.
Hulst, C. S. St. George of Cappadocia in Legend and History. London: D. Nutt. $3.
Johnson, G. E. What to Do at Recess. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Jordan, R., jr. The Gait of the American Trotter and Pacer. W. R. Jenkins Co. $3.50 net.
Lehman, E. Mysticism in Heathendom and Christendom. Trans. by G. M. G. Hunt, London: Luzac.
MacLean, A. M. Wage-Earning Women. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Macphail, A. Essays in Fallacy. Longmans.
McCutcheon, J. T. T. R. in Cartoons. Chicago: McClurg.
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Meredith Memorial Edition. Vols. XIII and XIV. The Egoist. Scribner. $2 per vol. Sold by subscription.
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Mitchell, J. A. Dr. Thorne's Idea. Doran Co. $1 net.
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Myers, G. History of the Great American Fortunes. Vol. III. Chicago: Kerr & Co.
Myers, G. W., and others. Second Year Mathematics. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. Report of Eighth Annual Convention, held in New Orleans, April 19. Chicago. 50 cents.
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Reynolds, Mrs. B. Out of the Night. Doran Co. $1.20 net.
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Seager, H. R. Social Insurance; a Program of Social Reform. Macmillan. $1 net.
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Silber, M. Jewish Achievement. St. Louis: Modern View Pub. Co.
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Twain, Mark. Twain's Speeches. Intro. by W. D. Howells. Harper. $2 net.
Willcocks, W. P. The Way Up. Lane Co. $1.50.
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Winternitz, M. General. Index to the names and subject-matter of the Sacred Books of the East. Frowde. $5.75.
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Xenophontis Opera Omnia. Tomus iv, Institutio Cyri. Frowde.

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